

SCOTTISH CHAP-BOOKS.

BY

JOHN FRASER.

PART II.



NEW YORK:

HENRY L. HINTON, PUBLISHER, 744 BROADWAY.

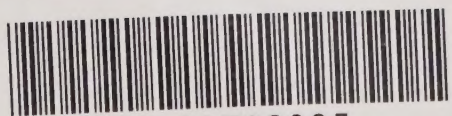
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Behold
The true portraiture of
Dugald Graham
The ingenious author of many
famous Penny Histories &c
and for many years
Skellat Bellman
of
Glasgow.

THE
HUMOROUS CHAP-BOOKS
OF
SCOTLAND.

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NEW YORK:
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GLASGOW:
JAMES HADDEN, 65A SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

TO
THE READER.

If thou dost care, with me for guide,
A little while to turn aside,
From present times and modern books,
To old and unremembered nooks
In Scottish history,—list, the while
An idle hour I strive to wile
With pictures of an age long flown,
When George the First was on the throne ;
Ere steam was used, or car was seen,
And folk got wed at Gretna Green ;
When chapmen plied a thriving trade
In news and laces, well displayed ;
And made their rounds from door to door,
Retailing all the local lore,
The simple gossip of the times,
With snatches of forgotten rhymes ;
And told in ready prose or verse
The tales I afterwards rehearse,—
Rude-fashioned tales—of which, I fear,
Some may offend a modern ear,—
But racy of the soil, and rich
In pawky humour, and in traits
Of Scottish character and ways,
That well deserve historic niche.
Of these, and more, I fain would tell,
But most of him who ‘ bore the bell ;

Though all unknown he be to fame,
The "skellat bellman," Dougal Graham,
Who wrote the tales I now relate,
And sang the Stuart's hapless fate.
Coarse though he was, in language rude,
He strove to work his country good ;
Brought fact and fiction both to light,
That but for him had perished quite ;
Embalmed the manners of his age
In many a coarse but graphic page ;
And showed,—what better pens pass by,—
How poor folk live and love and die.
Now, when his fame is all forgot,
And even Scotchmen name him not,
With faltering voice your leave, I crave,
To lay this chaplet on his grave.

THE AUTHOR.

31 *Madison Avenue, New York,* }
May 1st, 1874. }

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DOUGAL GRAHAM, THE GREAT CHAP-WRITER.

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| <p>§ 1. <i>His birthplace, parentage, and childhood.</i></p> <p>§ 2. <i>The '45.—Dougal declares for Charlie, but maintains a politic neutrality. — He escapes from Drumossie Muir, and writes his famous history.</i></p> <p>§ 3. <i>Metrical history of the Rebellion of 1745-46, by Dougal Graham.—Excessive rarity of the two first editions.</i></p> <p>§ 4. <i>Third edition of Graham's History. — Its literary and historical qualities. — Illustrative quotations.</i></p> | <p>§ 5. <i>Dougal settles in Glasgow.—He lays down the ell-wand, and takes up the pen.</i></p> <p>§ 6. <i>The Glasgow 'bellman' in the olden time. Dougal, after a fierce struggle, is appointed the 'Skellat-bellman o' Glasgow.'</i></p> <p>§ 7. <i>Dougal's writings.</i></p> <p>§ 8. <i>His death and elegy.</i></p> <p>§ 9. <i>His minor poetical effusions. "John Highlandman's remarks on Glasgow." — "Turnamspike."</i></p> <p>§ 10. <i>His personal character.</i></p> <p>§ 11. <i>Dougal as a humorist.</i></p> |
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§ 1. DOUGAL GRAHAM, sometimes called 'John Falkirk' or 'the Scot's piper,' was born at Raploch, in Stirlingshire, in or about the year 1724. His parents were so poor as to be unable to send him to school, and Dougal was forced to trust pretty much to chance for his instruction. Of his early history, as in the case of many greater men, nothing is known; but it was almost certainly one of trials and hardship. To judge from his appearance in after years, Dougal must have

been a queer, grotesque-looking urchin,—hunch-backed, lame, wizzened, and old beyond his years. A curious chapter might be written on the reflex influence of mind and body, in cases where pre-eminent talent or genius is accompanied by physical deformity. Poor Graham's life is a case in point. As will be presently established, he possessed a large share of genuine talent, closely approximating to genius; and it is more than likely that, in childhood, the contemptuous pity and rude unfeeling taunts of his relatives and companions, with reference to his stunted and abnormal growth, tended to sharpen and embitter his quick and restless mind. At any rate, Dougal's lines did not fall in the most pleasant places. When other children were sporting in the sunshine and nest-hunting through the woods, the youthful *Æsop* was compelled to labour for a living. Unapprenticed to any special trade—his parents being too poor or too indifferent to undertake the necessary trouble and expense—he had to turn his hand to any odd job that came up, from running for water to the well, to herd-

ing cattle. How long he remained at Raploch it is impossible to say. In the preface to his history of the Rebellion, he informs his readers, that the work had been

“Composed by the poet Dougal Graham;
In Stirlingshire he lives at hame.”

The probability is that, during the first twenty or thirty years of his life, having no fixed trade or residence, he made his father's house his headquarters, from which to migrate to the various places, where he succeeded in obtaining employment. The next glimpse we get of him is in the character of farm servant, and general man-of-all-work, with a small farmer in Campsie, a village in the neighbourhood, of Glasgow. So late as 1811, strangers were shown the traces of a turf cottage, on the side of the hill above the old place, which were said to be the remains of the house in which Dougal for some time lived. His natural disposition, and his inability to follow any definite occupation, combined with that restless activity and curiosity so frequently characteristic of sharp wits, soon caused him to turn pedlar or chapman, in which humble but useful

capacity he perambulated the counties of Stirling and Lanark; in most of the hamlets and farm-steadings of which, his shambling, one-sided, sturdy little figure was a familiar and welcome object. To this general popularity Dougal's manner, which well-fitted him for a successful salesman, mainly contributed, for

“Of witty jokes he had good store,
Johnson could not have pleased you more,
Or with loud laughter made you roar
As he could do.
He had still something ne'er before
Exposed to view.”

This eulogium, being from his epitaph, might be regarded with suspicion, were it not confirmed by other evidence. It was during this period of his life that he became so intimate with the private life and ways of the humble classes, and picked up the vast fund of jest and story which he subsequently worked up into his connected and humorous narratives. In what glorious bouts did not Dougal engage, what time, his pocket being not quite empty, he fell in with that witty rogue *John Cheap, the Chapman*, or his friend *Lothian Tom*, or the wandering

quack-doctor, and the four drouthy originals foregathered together in the first change-house, therein to tell stories and sing songs, and drink strong ale until they had only fourpence-halfpenny left between them, and they were all hopelessly, helplessly, mortally drunk! Yet were these spiritual engagements not without their attractions, for each of the four adventurers was full of the latest gossip, political and social, of the district from which he had last come; and Dougal, with his pungent sarcasm, broad wit, grotesque humour, and mad verses, was a veritable Falstaff and Joe Miller combined—for, are we not told that he was

“ The wittiest fellow in his time,
Either for prose or making rhyme ?”

All the world is familiar with the famous '45, and the gallant, but fruitless and misguided efforts of Prince Charles Stuart to recover the throne of his grandfather. To the standard of the young Prince flocked not a few of Scotland's noblest, with a vast rabble of men and women who were certainly not noble, being attracted to the camp or the battle-field much in the same way as ravens

are attracted by the presence of carrion. Among these brave, and mercenary followers of a forlorn hope, limped the restless little pedlar, whose strong Jacobite predilections and wish to turn an honest penny—characteristic surely, and much to be admired in a poetical chapman—had caused him to leave Glasgow early in 1745, to follow the misfortunes of the belligerents. It would be interesting to follow Dougal's martial achievements; his hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach; his heroic conduct in saving the life of Prince Charles, and cleaving the rascally Hanoverian assailant to the chin; but it must be confessed Dougal did none of these things, his position having been a much humbler and less heroic one than that of soldier. If popular tradition is to be relied on, he was only a camp follower; though *which* camp, it might have puzzled Dougal himself to say. He appears to have paid court indifferently to either side, with a leaning towards the Jacobites, particularly when fortune seemed to smile upon them, and sold his wares with philosophic impartiality to

all comers who could pay for them. The late Mr. McVean thought there was not sufficient evidence for believing that Dougal was actively engaged in the rebellion, basing his doubts on the opinion of an old man and his acquaintances, who had known Dougal well, and who believed that the latter was merely a follower of the army, and had carried a pack of small wares.

In any case, it is clear from Dougal's own statement, that he was a privileged person, and an eye-witness of the excesses of both armies.

*"I've seen the men call'd Highland rogues,
With Lowland men make shange a brogs,
Sup kail and brose, and fling the cogs
Out at the door ;
Take cocks, hens, sheep and hogs,
And pay nought for.*

*I see'd a Highlander, 'twas right drole,
With a string o' puddings hung on a pole,
Whipp'd o'er his shoulder, skipp'd like a sole,
Caused Maggy bann,
L'ap o'er the midden and midden-hole,
And off he ran.*

* * * * *

*I see'd the soldiers at Linton Brig,
Because the man was not a Whig,*

Of meat and drink, leave not a skig
 Within his door.
They burnt his very hat and wig,
 And thump't him sore."

He also saw them murdering in cold blood at Preston and Falkirk, and in the preface to his history affirms that he had been an eye-witness to most of the movements of the armies, from the first crossing by the rebels of the Ford of Frew to their final defeat at Culloden. At times, too, when compelled, Dougal probably lent a hand in the packing and removal of the war luggage and *impedimenta*, and perhaps, on a rare occasion, tackled some diminutive combatant who had straggled from the main body and showed signs of the white feather; but it must be borne in mind that his deformities unfitted him for the *role* of Ivanhoe or Cœur-de-Lion, and that political inconsistency is not confined to pedlars. From the 13th of September, 1745, when the rebels first crossed the ford of Frew near Doune, until that bright April morn, in the following year, when the Stuart cause went down forever amid smoke and flame on the fatal field of Culloden, Dougal

was a constant and careful spectator of the course of events.

These experiences he turned to immediate and profitable account. From the disastrous field of Drummossie Muir he escaped with all speed, and no little difficulty, to Glasgow, where he at once set to work to prepare a metrical account of the rebellion, in which he had played a somewhat subordinate part. That Dougal lost no time in the composition of his work is evidenced by the fact that the history was in the printer's hands early in the Autumn of 1746, and was published in September of the same year, as witness the original advertisement in the *Glasgow Courant* of the 29th of that month :

NOTICE.—There is to be sold by James Duncan, Printer, in Glasgow, in the Saltmercat, the second shop below Gibson's Wynd, a Book entitled, "A full and particular account of the late rebellion, in the years 1745 and 1746, beginning with the Pretender's embarking for Scotland, and then an account of every Battle, Siege, or Skirmish that has happened in either Scotland or England, to which is added several addresses and epistles to the Pope, Pagans, Poets, and Pretender, all in metre ;" price fourpence. But any booksellers or packmen may have them easier from the said James Duncan, or the author, D. Graham. The like has not been done since the days of David Lindsay.

The history proved a success, the advertisement showing that the author contemplated a peripatetic sale, and invited packmen to purchase on easier terms than those advertised; and since then innumerable editions have been issued from the Falkirk, Stirling, Paisley, Aberdeen and Glasgow presses. Of these it would be almost impossible to furnish a list, but the following notes will indicate the popularity of the work. In 1752 appeared a second edition (Glasgow); in 1774 a third; in 1787 a fifth (Glasgow); in 1803 a seventh (Glasgow); in 1808 an eighth (Glasgow); in 1812 a ninth (Falkirk); and in 1828 the twentieth. The latest was published some twenty years ago, by Mr. Murdoch, an Aberdeen publisher, at sixpence a copy. A peculiar interest attaches to the two first editions, owing to their excessive rarity, and the fact that they differ materially from all later versions.

Of this difference and its cause there are two accounts. According to one of these, Dougal was a devoted loyalist, and wrote the history originally from a Hanoverian

point of view. By the time a third edition was called for, however, the author's views had changed, and he greatly softened, and curtailed many passages in the earlier editions, which had reflected strongly on the Jacobites and Highlanders. Mr. Peter McKenzie, in his *Old Reminiscences of Glasgow and the West of Scotland*, affirms that "Douglass, the bellman, who held considerable sway in the city at that memorable date (1745) was a devoted loyalist and admirer of 'Great George our King.'" But this statement is inaccurate on the face of it, and is probably a loose and distorted recollection of some tradition which had been told Mr. McKenzie. This suspicion is confirmed by a blunder into which that writer falls a few lines farther on (p. 152) in confounding Douglass Graham with 'Bell Geordie,' and making the former a man of eighty years of age in 1790, when he had been in his grave eleven years. More definite, but hardly more conclusive, is the evidence of Mr. McVean. "The History of the Rebellion," he writes, "published by Douglass in 1752,

differs very much from the third edition, published in 1774. This last *appears* to have been greatly altered and enlarged, and many curious passages in the earlier *edition* are suppressed in this. In 1752 Dougal talks of the rebels with a great deal of virulence ; in 1774 he softens his tone, and occasionally introduces apologies for their conduct." It will be observed here that Mr. McVean's statements are not based on personal knowledge and examination of the two editions, of the last of which he says that, 'It *appears* to have been altered and enlarged.' But there is another point which throws doubt on the accuracy of the passage, viz.: the strange omission to notice the first, and therefore the principal edition of the history, which was published in 1746—six years previous to the earliest version with which Mr. McVean seems to have been acquainted. In comparing the third edition with the original text, Mr. McVean says that 'many curious passages in the earlier *edition* are suppressed in this.' Why not *editions*, when there were two of them ?

The second account is the more popular,

and likely to be true, although, in the absence of the two first editions, it is impossible to decide either way. According to this theory, Dougal was at heart an adherent of the Pretender, and when he returned to Glasgow, after the battle of Culloden, to resume his peddling, and to write his history, his Jacobite enthusiasm had in no way cooled.

Unlike many men more celebrated, whose figures bulk largely in history, Dougal did not allow misfortunes and disgrace to cool the fervor of his political convictions. In the confusion and turmoil of a campaign, where a man's creed is so often called in question, to the manifest danger of his head, it was but natural that he should exercise a little diplomacy in his dealings with hot-headed belligerents. But, to his honour, be it said, when clear of the smoke and perils of warfare, and safe at home in dear old St. Mungo, he stood up stoutly for the fallen cause, and infused an amount of Jacobitic ardor into his metrical productions that must have led many of his readers to regard him in the light of one of the most renowned paladins of the late Stuart Court. So far,

so good ; but alas ! for the stability of human principles, a few years later the office, vacant, of bellman to the city of Glasgow fell and as the Magistrates, being stout Protestants and strong Hanoverians, looked with suspicion, amounting even to positive disgust, on the supporters of Prince Charles, Dougal thought it prudent to sacrifice, to some extent, his political convictions to the honours of place. So he foreswore the Pretender, at least in public ; revised his famous history, by the newer and truer light of a more liberal interpretation of events ; and was appointed to the vacant office. Dr. Strang, referring to Graham's experiences in the campaign, remarks. "In this neutral situation (of suttler) he could act on either side, and it is credibly believed he did so ; for, while his after circumstances in life forced him to declare himself boldly on the side of the high Protestant party of Glasgow, it is more than hinted that he had, in the outset of his career, exhibited a strong desire for Prince Charlie's success." George Caldwell, the well-known Paisley publisher, for whom Dougal wrote so many of his

tracts, informed Motherwell that Graham had great difficulty in obtaining the bell-manship, owing to the magistrates having an ill-brew against Jacobites and Highlanders; and more than hints that Dougal had been actually in the service of the Pretender.

This theory is also supported by local tradition, though that does not go for much, and by the internal evidence of the third edition, and the whole circumstances of Dougal's life. Whether the two first editions were Jacobite or Hanoverian, there is undoubtedly a strong leaning to the former side in all subsequent versions, which have a wonderfully strong look of having been written by an ardent well-wisher of the Stuarts, who was yet compelled from policy or fear to veil his love. As to the occasional explosions against Highlanders, these on the whole are good-natured and humorous; and it must be borne in mind that the kilted natives of the North were held in deep and general aversion by their brethren of the South, during the greater part of last century. The second edition was probably identical in substance with the first, but longer,

owing to the narrative being brought down to a more recent date. As the original was published in September, 1746, it could not treat of events that took place in the two following months, and even years, and which are recorded in the third, and probably, though with less fullness, in the second edition, which followed the first after an interval of six years. Events have been anticipated in order to show why the two first editions of Graham's history differ from later versions, and possess a distinct historical interest of their own. Unfortunately, it is now all but impossible to get a sight of the original text. Local antiquarians have applied to every imaginable quarter, and spent months in exploring out-of-the-way nooks, provincial book-stalls, and dust-covered shelves in country libraries, but without success. The Advocate's Library in Edinburgh, and that of Glasgow University, contain only the eighth edition, which is perhaps the best known and most common of all. Yet, at least a few copies of the original history *must* be hidden somewhere. So late as 1830, the author of 'Waverly'

had one in his possession, a facsimile of which he intended to publish, with the view of presenting it to the Maitland Club, but sickness intervened to derange his plans, and two years later, death stepped in and snatched the pen from the great magician. It is not yet too late, of course, to hope for the recovery of the book, in which there were surely many good points, when so shrewd a judge as Scott meant to publish it, saying, that "it contained some traits and circumstances of manner worth preserving." The fortunate person who succeeds in laying his hands on it may well exclaim with Thomas Hearne, when he happened on an old MS., "O most gracious and merciful Lord God, wonderful in thy Providence, I return all possible thanks to Thee for the care Thou hast always taken of me. I continually meet with most signal instances of this thy Providence, and one act yesterday, when *I unexpectedly met with these old MSS.*, for which, in a particular manner, I return my thanks, beseeching Thee to continue the same protection to me, a poor helpless sinner, and that for Jesus Christ his

sake." It is not improbable, however, that the revised copy of the history differs but slightly from the original. Occasional passages, with a strong Jacobite tinge, would be modified, and perhaps, here and there, a line or two deleted, but the two versions are very likely the same in substance.

§ 4. The third edition consists of 5,376 lines, 189 pages, in Hudibrastic metre, arranged in 15 chapters, followed by three short miscellaneous pieces. Fronting the title page is the full length wood cut, representing the author, which is reproduced in our frontispiece, and the title runs as follows :
" An Impartial History of the Rise, Progress, and Extinction of the late Rebellion in Britain, in the years 1745 and 1746, giving an Account of every Battle, Skirmish, and Siege, from the time of the Pretender's coming out of France until he landed in France again, with Plans of the Battles of Prestonpans, Clifton, Falkirk, and Culloden, together with a Description of the Dangers and Travels of the Pretender through the Highland Isles, after the Break

at Culloden. By D. Graham. The third edition, with amendments. Glasgow: Printed by John Robertson, MDCCLXXIV." Campbell, in his history of Scottish poetry, dismisses Graham with contemptuous brevity, and in a manner that shows how little he knew of the history of the work. "In 1787, *An Impartial History of the Rebellion in Britain in the years 1745 and 1746*, by Douglas Graham, (fifth edition) was printed, at Glasgow, by John Robertson. This history is in a Hudibrastic metre. This is a sorry performance." This notice, though brief, contains two mis-statements in point of fact, and if the critic's own more elaborate compilation were criticised with equal uncharitableness, the verdict would not, perhaps, be much less severe. Dougal Graham was certainly no poet, but his account, though generally ungrammatical, and never rising into poetry, is written in an easy, and, at times, vigorous and graphic style. It possesses, besides, a certain historical value of its own, as containing many curious particulars, not elsewhere reported, based in a large measure, on the personal experi-

ences of a sensible, quick-witted, intelligent observer of many of the principal incidents, in one of the most romantic passages in history. The verses, rude as they are, are lighted up by an admirable *naïveté* and humour, all the more delightful from their frequent unconsciousness. Many examples might be given, but the following may suffice. Writing of the Highland rebels, the historian says :

“ As hunger will make men to steal,
Forsooth they took both brose and kail,
And when refresh'd they march'd away,
Yet some indeed forgot to pay.”

Again, there is a certain grim humour in the lines about the defeated royalists at Prestonpans :

“ Altho' they did for quarter cry,
The vulgar clans made this reply,
Quarter ! yon curs't soldier's mad,
It is o'er soon to go to bed.”

Much in the same strain is the lament of the hungry English soldier, when trudging wearily over bad roads along with the Pretender's troops in their disastrous retreat from England :

“ Woe worth the Scots, for they can feed
On drinking water and eating bread ;

Their irony soles do never tire
 On stony ground, or dub or mire ;
 Beef or pudding they never mind,
 Them Scots can leave (live) on *snuffing* wind.
 For me, my belly clings to my back,
 Since I have joined this hellish pack.
 If in this state all soldiers be,
 The devil be soldier again for me."

The Highland 'Vicars of Bray' are neatly rapped across the knuckles in the verse :

"And when Duke William gain'd the day,
 It was for him, they then did say ;
 But if Charles had chanc'd to prevail,
Some think they'd told another tale."

This is deliciously Scotch. The next two extracts are given with some hesitation, as it is doubtful whether they should be interpreted in a serious, or half comical, half sarcastic light. The rebels besieged Fort Augustus with great vigor, but all their artillery, including a *great* twelve-pounder, made comparatively little impression :

"Except (that) the cohorns and other bombs,
 Broke some roofs, beat down two *lums* ;
 Three men, indeed, they did disable,
 And killed a poor horse in a stable."

Maddened by this unaccountable want of success, the assailants redoubled their exertions,

"And in a rage, before they tir'd,
 Near two hundred royal were fired,

And sixteen cannons, 'gainst the fort,
 As afterwards they did report ;
 Yet did no harm was worth a fig,
But a poor soldier lost his leg."

Under the same category of half unconscious humour, fall the three which follow. Conspicuous amid the plunder seized by the royal troops at the battle of Culloden was :

" — the baggage and military chest,
 (Its contents did of naught consist)."

The next might furnish a subject for the weird pencil of Gustave Dore :

" Soon after this the siege gave o'er,
 The cannons all off carriage driven,
 And trenches with the rocks made even ;
 Then to all those who went to see,
 Like a potato field it seemed to be ;
 Many dead bodies in't were found,
White noses sticking thro' the ground."

Prince Charles having escaped to France, was commanded by the French King to quit that country, and, refusing to leave, was imprisoned. This was a little too much even for Stewart obstinacy, so

" Finding that it must be so,
He freely did consent to go."

Many of the similes, again, remind one of the early masters in their intense simplicity. Thus Charles wondered,

" That Hawley was turned such a cow,
 As flee when none was to pursue."

The wretches, who crawled like ghouls
over the field of battle to plunder, and rob,
and kill, are reprov'd with amusing—one
might almost fancy sympathetic—mildness.

“ With durks and skians they fell a-sticking,
For which they well deserv'd a kicking.”

Of a large fort that was erected to defend
Fort William, we are told,

“ Dunghill-like, on a rock 'twas laid,
In form of a potato bed.”

Not less humorous is Flora MacDonald's
heroic resolution on behalf of Charlie, when
she

“ Vow'd by all was dear within her,
She'd him relieve if they should skin her.”

Or the description of the parting of the
Prince and Lochiel :

“ They wept, they kiss'd, and off he goes,
While drops of blood fell from his nose.”

Or the naive confession of Charles' faith-
ful follower, the brave Sullivan, in justifica-
tion of his somewhat hasty flight :

“ For 's life was preciouser to him
Than all the Princes in Christendom.”

Or our author's contemptuous estimate of
certain foreigners,

“ Three companies of Guise's therein,
'Gainst Highland fury not worth a pin.”

For really strong and graphic description, the accounts of the fording of the Esk and the Spey, the march of Gordon's troops South from Aberdeen, the battle of Falkirk Muir, the feet-washing by the fugitive Prince, and the minute and Hoggarthian picture of the Hessians, are well worth being studied; and once read are not easily forgotten.

§ 5. But, to return, Dougal went back to Glasgow in the summer of 1746, to resume his peddling, and write his history. In 1752 he styles himself 'Dougal Graham, merchant,'—'merchant' being then used as a synonym* for pedlar, and not in the large and important modern acceptation of the term. A rhyming merchant could not expect to be rich, and Dougal says:

"You Papists are a cursed race,
And this I tell you to your face;
And your images of gold so fine
Their curses come on me and mine.
Likewise themselves at any rate,
For money now is ill to get.
I have run my money to an en',
And have nouth (sic) paper nor pen
To write thir lines the way you see me,
And there's none for to supplie me."

For some time Dougal seems to have combined the two functions of hawker and author, in which character he wrote and sold his *Magnum Opus*, and many of his earlier popular penny histories. At this time, hawking was a profession, not a trade. The fewness and badness of the roads, the rarity of even the rudest kind of conveyance, the non-existence of a cheap post, and the great distance of country hamlets from any market place or town, rendered the chapman or pedlar a necessity of everyday life. Hence—if a genial, witty, gossiping fellow, who could entertain the good-wife with all the latest news and ‘clish-ma-claver’ of the country side, at the same time that he disposed of his wares—*John Cheap* was a welcome and important personage at every fire-side. Many of his tribe made large fortunes, and founded what are now among the houses of Glasgow’s Merchant Princes.

John Cheap himself, according to his biographer, ‘turned chapman, when very young, in hopes of being rich when he became old;’ and Sir Walter Scott, in his *Kenilworth*, describes the trade as one of consid-

erable importance. A pedlar, who arrived at the dignity of travelling with a pack-horse, was indeed a person of no small consequence, and of equal social position with the most substantial yeoman or franklin whom he might meet in his wanderings. Between the riding and the walking packman there was all the difference that now exists between the large wholesale merchant and the petty dealer in small wares—a distinction which is well brought out in the concluding episode of *Lothian Tom's* experiences, where the country damsel expresses her contempt for him as a mere walking bagman, and not a pack-horse merchant.

Dougal, therefore, must not be looked down upon by fastidious moderns because he carried a pack. Does not Mr. Ruskin sell his own works, and was not the blind old bard of Chios a peripatetic vendor of ballads? But the witty packman had a soul above buttons and small wares. As his productions began to grow in popular favour, their author began, doubtless, to think that it became not the dignity of an historian to mete out tape with a vulgar ell-wand. So,

CHAP-BOOKS OF SCOTLAND.

at length, he threw off the pack forever, in order to devote himself to higher pursuits. In the neighbourhood of the Saltmarket he set up a small press, and composed and printed a great variety of popular works in prose and verse, including the famous *Turnimspike*, *John Hielandman*, and the *Courtship of Jockey and Maggy*. His success was such that the native publishers began to give him commissions, and he turned out a large amount of work for the Saltmarket press, and that of Paisley, Stirling, Falkirk, and Kilmarnock. He was most largely employed, perhaps, by Mr. George Caldwell, already mentioned, whose name appears on the title-pages of a large number of the early editions of Dougal's works. On the 14th of June, 1764, the following advertisement appeared in the *Glasgow Journal*:

Notice.—Whereas, Jean Stark, spouse to Dougal Graham, ale seller, above the Cross, Glasgow, has parted from her husband, he thinks it proper to inform the public that she be inhibit by him from contracting debt in his name, or yet receiving any debt due to him, after this present day.

It is doubtful if the Dougal Graham here named is the Dougal Graham of history,

though there are traditions to the effect that, at one time of his career, Dougal had some connection with the spirit trade. In one sense, he was always a large dealer in spirits, but it is not so certain that he was actually a publican. His marriage is more doubtful still, not because in itself unlikely, but from the absence of all evidence or tradition on the point. If he did marry Jean Stark, it was quite natural that his spouse and himself should quarrel. Great men, from Job and Socrates to Byron and Shelley, have been proverbially unfortunate in their wives, and it is not to be supposed that Dougal was an exception to the rule. In the absence of other evidence on the point, however, it will be safer to conclude that the advertisement above quoted did not refer to *the* Dougal Graham, but to an unfortunate namesake, whose domestic relations were not as happy as they might have been. The probability is that Dougal continued to write and print until sometime about the year 1772 or 1773, when the office of city bellman fell vacant. The precise date of this event has not been ascer-

tained. Mr. McVean calculates that it could not have been earlier than 1770, as an old gentleman of his acquaintance remembered no fewer than four individuals, all of whom held the office before Dougal, and after the year 1764. Now, if this be so, it is not likely that there were four different bellmen in as many years, and it will be within the mark to fix the date of Dougal's appointment, at least, not sooner than 1772.

§ 6. Previous to the year 1780 the office was of great importance, compared to what it became in later years, when the introduction of handbills, advertisements, and daily papers, led to its gradual decay and final abolition. When yet stage-coaches were the exception, it was the custom to send the bellman through the city to proclaim the arrival of the various mails; and things of the most trifling nature were made publicly known by the same medium. The post was, consequently, no sinecure, being, moreover, one of considerable honour. It was the bellman's duty, in the first place, to ring the 'skellat' bell, (in itself an article of prodigious antiquity, which had been handed

down through countless generations) and in the next place, he had to attend all meetings or councils, bell in hand, and arrayed in gorgeous scarlet livery, resembling that worn by the trumpeters, who herald the arrival of the Lords of Justiciary at the Assizes. For the performance of these duties the *incumbent* received £10 a year, besides many valuable perquisites. Thus, for the announcement of every movement of importance he received one silver sixpence, paid down to him in his 'loof;' for each sale on a magisterial warrant, one shilling; and when the herring boats came in on the 4th of June, the King's birthday, with fish from the Gareloch, the bellman reaped a rich harvest of sixpences and shillings, for announcing the arrival of the "brave caller herrings," the first string of which he had to carry to His Honour the Water Bailie. It was of importance, therefore, that the person elected to so onerous an office, should have a clear, sonorous voice, and a retentive memory, to ensure which the appointment was decided by a public competitive examination. The place usually set apart for

this trial of skill, which was held in presence of the civil authorities, was the court behind the old Town's Hospital, near the Clyde, and the thesis given out to the competitors was not unfrequently the announcement of the arrival of the herring at the Broomielaw. In 1772, owing to various causes, the struggle for the place was keener than usual, and the introduction of various personal and political considerations, helped not a little to embitter the contest. At the first blush, Dougal seemed to stand head and shoulder above all rivals. His literary reputation, his ready wit, his good memory, his sharp voice, and his general popularity, were all in his favour. But Dougal's antecedents were against him. He was known to be the author of a history in which the Pretender was painted in warm and sympathetic colours, and it was more than suspected that he had not only drawn pen, but sword, on behalf of Charley. This was a veritable lion in the path, for the Glasgow Bailies, as became personages of so much civil and social distinction, were Protestant and Georgian to a man, and regard-

ed all who sympathised with the Stuart line much as in older times, a rabid supporter of of Popery and the Inquisition, would have looked upon a Lutheran or a Baptist. The loyalty of Glasgow was, indeed, traditional. Years before, in 1715 and 1745, her magistrates had boldly and without any hesitation declared for the house of Hanover, and three years later, in 1775, when the American War of Independence broke out, her citizens, at their own expense, raised a battalion, one thousand strong, known in military annals as the 83d.

So Dougal, with all his literary reputation to back him, had an uphill fight for the place. But difficulties were made to be conquered, and Dougal's genius was equal to the occasion. As George Caldwell told Motherwell, the poet, "Dougal in his youth was in the Pretender's service, and on that account, he had a sair faught to get the place o' bellman, for the Glasgow Bailies had an illbrew o' the Highlanders, and were just downright wicked against onybody that had melled wi' the Rebels; but Dougie was a pawky chield, and managed to wyse them

over to his ain interests, pretending that he was a staunch King's man, and pressed into the Prince's service sair against his will, and when he was naithing mair than a hafflins callant, that scarcely kent his left haund frae his richt, or a B frae a Bull's fit." Doubtless, also, he called upon each of the magistrates and explained away the objectionable passages in his history, at the same time impressing the Bailie with a sense of his own merits and attainments; and promising, perhaps, as a final clincher to his argument, to revise and modify his historical epic, as he certainly did in the third edition, which was published four years later. At any rate, Dougal was successful, for after the other candidates had cried and bawled, he surpassed them all, by roaring at the top of his voice—

“ Caller herring at the Broomielaw,
Three a penny—three a penny,”

adding with a grim sarcasm, that derived additional point from the fact that it was not yet the herring season:—

“ Indeed, my friends,
But it's a' a blessum,
For the herring's no catch'd,
And the boat's no come!”

A similar story is told of Dougal's great successor, just mentioned, Bell Geordie, whose caustic humour, rhyming abilities, and loquacious impudence, made him a public favourite. On the occasion of Geordie competing for the office of assistant-bellman, a large crowd assembled, and the notice to be called out ran as follows :

NOTICE.—There has just arrived at the Broomielaw, a boat-load of fine fresh herrings, selling at three a penny. —(Lingle, lingle, lingle.)

After several competitors had given a specimen of their talents, it came to the turn of Geordie, who boldly seized the bell, and, having given it a vigorous triple shake, roared the proclamation prescribed, in a stentorian voice, and added:—

“ Now, my gude folks, this cry is all a hum,
For herrings in the boat are yet to come ;
Therefore, ye needna fash to gang awa'
To seek sic dainties at the Broomielaw ;
But if they come, and I'm town-crier then,
I'll tinkle thrice my bell to let you ken.”

Accordingly, Dougal was elected unanimously, and performed his official duties during the rest of his life with perfect satisfaction to his superiors and constituents. Everything, indeed, that is known of him,

goes to show that he was the "Prince of Bellmen," superior even to his rival in renown, Bell Geordie. His quaint, but effective elocution, and his rhyming notices, invariably attracted large crowds of admiring youth to listen to his voluminous "O Yes! O Yes's!"

Like his more distinguished professional brethren elsewhere, Dougal possessed an easy assurance of manner, combined with a frequent drollery, that made his hearers excuse his impudence for the sake of its wit. Many anecdotes were at one time in circulation, illustrating these traits in his character; but, almost without exception, these have perished, or been incorporated in popular collections of facetiæ. The only one which has been handed down in this connection is the following, two versions of which are given in the old chap-books. One day towards the close of the American War of Independence, as Dougal was shouting some notice in the Gallowgate, opposite the Saracen's Head Inn, in which several officers of the 42d Regiment, then newly home from America, were dining, one of them threw

up the window, and putting out his head, cried ‘chaffingly :’ “What’s that you’ve got on your back, Dougal?” in unfeeling allusion to poor Dougal’s hump.

“It’s Bunker Hill,” was the retort, “do you choose to mount?”

It must have been a goodly sight to see Dougal in his official robes, the cynosure of every eye in the busy Trongate, or the life and soul of the company in Mrs. McLarty’s ‘wee bit public,’ where he and his cronies were wont to quench their native thirst. His must, indeed, have been a grotesque figure. ‘A wee bit gash body under five feet high ;’ with a round, broad, red and much-seamed face ; a prominent nose, truncated *à la Punch* ; an Æsopian hump on one shoulder, and a large protuberance on one breast ; legs of unequal length and peculiar shape ; a long scarlet coat hanging down from the shoulders to the ground ; blue breeches set off by white stockings, and large brilliantly buckled shoes : with an imposing cocked hat perched fiercely on one side of the massive head.

§ 7. But Dougal did not permit the de

lights of office to stifle his literary aspirations. He still kept his printing establishment and wrote voluminously. In addition to the 'Turnimspike,' and 'John Hielandman's remarks on Glasgow'—already referred to,—the former of which, according to Sir Walter Scott, was sufficient of itself to 'entitle its author to immortality,'—the following may be assigned to this period of his life:

1. Lothian Tom.
2. John Falkirk's Witticisms.
3. John Falkirk's Cariches.
4. Janet Clinker's Orations, or Grannie McNab's Lectures.
5. John Cheap, the Chapman.
6. Leper, the Taylor.
7. The Grand Solemnity of the Taylor's Funeral.
8. The History of the Haveral Wives.
9. The Coalman's Courtship.
10. Silly Tom.

But these form only a moiety of Dougal's productions, for he was a most voluminous, and, according to McVean, a ready writer. A diligent collector might still find as many of Dougal's poems as would fill a volume. Mr. Caldwell, a most competent authority, affirms that "Dougal was an unco glib body

at the pen, and could screed aff a bit penny history in less than nae time. A' his works took weel; they were level to the meanest capacity, and had plenty o' coarse jokes to season them. I never kent a history o' Dougal's that stack in the sale yet, and we were aye fain to get a haud o' some new piece 'frae him. Dougal was a lang time skellat bellman 'o Glasgow, and wrate the maist pairt o' his histories there." Another authority says that he wrote only when in the vein, and with marvellous facility; and Dr. Strang, on the authority, it is to be presumed, of Mr. McVean, says that Dougal—like Buchan, the chronicler of Peterhead—commonly expressed his thoughts right off in type, sitting not at his desk but at the printer's case. From all of which it would almost appear that the unappreciative citizens of St. Mungo had in their midst, they not knowing, a bellman who united in himself the humour of Rabelais and the fluency of De Vega.

§ 8. Dougal seems to have written almost to the last day of his life. In all probability, indeed, his last malady seized him when in

double harness,—sitting at his desk editing some new facetious story, arrayed in his scarlet coat and blue breeches. At any rate the original edition of the second part of his *Leper the Taylor* was published in 1779; on the twentieth day of July in which year Graham died. Amid the noise and tumult of foreign wars, the great Roman Catholic Emancipation struggle, the eruption of Vesuvius, and the startling invasion of the Frith of Forth, by the redoubtable ‘Paul Jones,’ the poor bellman was allowed to slip away without so much as a passing obituary notice in the local papers. But although the editorial magnates of the Glasgow *Mercury* did not think the matter of sufficient importance to warrant the insertion of a couple of lines, unpaid, the author of so many famous and notable histories was not allowed to depart ‘unhonoured and unsung.’ Witness the elegy on his death, written in the same verse as Ferguson’s on *Gregory*, and Burns’ on *Tam Samson*, from which the following extracts are taken:

“ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF THE WITTY
POET AND BELLMAN.”

“Ye mothers fond! O be not blate
To mourn poor Dougal’s hapless fate,
Oftimes you know he did you get
Your wander’d weans;
To find them out, both soon and late,
He spared no pains.

Our footmen now sad tune may sing,
For none like him the streets made ring,
Nor quick intelligence could bring
Of caller fish,
Of salmon, herring, cod or ling,
Just to their wish.

* * * * *

The Bull Inn and the Saracen,
Were both well served with him at e’en,
As oftimes we have heard and seen
Him call retour,
For E’nburg, Greenock, and Irvine,
At any hour.

The honest wives he pleased right weel
When he did cry bran new cheap meal,
Cheap butter, barley, cheese and veal,
Was selling fast.
They often called him ‘lucky chiel,’
As he went past.

* * * * *

Had any rambler in the night,
Broken a lamp, and then ta’en flight,
Dougal would bring the same to light
’Gainst the next day,
Which made the drunk, mischievous wight
Right dearly pay.

It is well known unto his praise,
 He well deserved the poet's bays,
 So sweet was his harmonious lays ;
 Loud-sounding fame
 Alone can tell, how all his days
 He bore that name.

Of witty jokes he had such store,
 Johnson could not have pleased you more ;
 Or with loud laughter made you roar
 As he could do ;
 He had still something ne'er before
 Exposed to view."

* * * * *

§ 9. The above comprises all that is known of the life and history of this remarkable man. His character must be judged mainly from the internal evidence of his writings. One of the early editions of *John Falkirk's Cariches* contained a preface, part of which has been already quoted, confirming the tradition that still survives, as well as Motherwell's expressed belief, that one of the commonest of Dougal's many nicknames was 'John Falkirk.' " 'John Falkirk,' commonly called the '*Scots' Piper*,' was a curious, little, witty fellow, with a round face and a broad nose. None of his companions could answer the many witty questions he proposed

to them, therefore he became the wonder of the age in which he lived. Being born of mean parents he got no education, therefore his witty invention was truly natural; and being bred to no business, he was under the necessity of using his genius in the composition of several small books, of which the following Cariches was one which he disposed of for his support. He became the author of many small tracts, and the following curious and diverting pieces are said to be of his composition, viz.: 'The History of John Cheap the Cheapman;' 'The History of Haveral Wives;' 'Janet Clinker's Orations;' 'John Falkirk's Witty Jokes;' 'Jocky and Maggy's Courtship;' 'The Proverbs of the Pride of Women;' 'History of Lothian Tom,' with many others, which are well known in Scotland, England and Ireland." It is certain, therefore, that Dougal was a fellow of infinite jest, quick at retort, always ready for fun, and flowing over with caustic wit and pawky humour; no better evidence of which could be desired, than his verses entitled 'John Hielandman.'

JOHN HIGHLANDMAN'S REMARKS ON SCOTLAND.

Her nainsel unto Glasgow went,
An erran' there to see 't;
And she ne'er pe saw a ponier town,
Was stan'ing on her feet.
For a' the houses that be tere,
Pe thicket wi' plue stanes,
And a stane ladder to gang up,
No fa' to prack her panes.
She'll gang upon a staney road,
A street they do him ca',
And when me seek the shapman's house,
Her name be on the wa'.
I gang to seek a snish tamback,
And standing at the corse,
And tere I saw a dead man,
Was riding on a horse.
And Oh! he pe a poor man,
And no hae money claise,
Te progs be worn aff her feet,
And me see a' his taes.
Te horse had up his muckle fit,
For to gie me a shap,
And gaped wi' his great mouth,
To grip me by the tap.
He had a staff into his hand,
To fight me an he could,
Put hersel' pe rin awa' frae him,
His horse be unco' proud.
But I be rin around about,
And stand about the guard,
Where I see the diel chap the hours,*
Tan me grow unco' fear'd.

* At that time a clockmaker in Irongate had a figure of the devil which struck the hours.

Ohon ! Ohon ! her nainsel said,
And whare will me go rin ?
For yonder pe te plack man,
Tat purns te fouks for sin.

I'll no pe stay nae longer tere,
But fast I'm rin awa' ;
An' see te man a thraving reaps,
Beside the Proomie-law.

An' Oh ! she be a lang tedder,
I speir fat they do wi't ;
He said, To hang the Highlandmans,
For stealing o' their meat.

Hout, hersel's an honest shentleman,
I'm never yet be steal,
But whan I meet a muckle purse,
I like her unco' weel.

Tan fare you weel you saucy loon,
I fain your skin would pay,
I came to your town the morn, but,
And I'll gang out yesterday.

Tan she'l gaed to her quarter house,
The toor was unco' pra'.
For tere they had a cow's husband,
Was pricket on the wa'.

O tere we gat a shappin ale,
And tan we gat a supper,
A filthy choud o' chappit meat,
Was boil'd amang a butter.

It was a filthy, dirty beef,
His bains was like te horn ;
She was a calf wanting the skin,
Before that he was born.

Next day I'm gang upon the kirk,
To hear a lawland preach,
And mony a pony sang the'l sing,
Tere pooks they did him teach.

And tere I saw a ponny mattam,
Wi' feathers on her wame,
I wonder an' she be gaun to flee,
Or what be in her min'.

Another mattams follow her,
Wha's nerse was round her cogs ;
And clitter, clatter, cries her feet,
She had on iron brogues.

And tere I saw another mattam,
Into a tarry sack,
And twa poor mans be carry her,
Wi' rapes about hims neck.

She pe sae fu' o' fanity,
As no gang on the grun',
Put twa poor mans pe carry her,
In a barrow covered abune.

Some had a fish tail till her mouth,
And some pe had a bonnet,
Put my Shannet and Donald's wife,
Wad rather hae a bonnock.

In a similar vein is the *Turnimspike*, which Sir Walter Scott thought sufficiently meritorious to immortalise its author, even if he had written nothing else, and of which an incomplete version was published by Burns.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

“ Hersell pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man ;
 And many alterations seen,
 Amang te Lawland whig, man. Fal, &c.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
 Nainsell was driving cows, man ;
 There was nae laws about him's nerse,
 About the breeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philibeg,
 The plaid prick't on her shouder ;
 The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
 De pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
 Wherewith man's nerse be locket,
 Ohon ! that e'er she saw the day !
 For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every ting in de Highlands now
 Pe turn'd to alteration ;
 The sodger dwall at our door-sheek,
 And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
 An' laws pring on de cager ;
 Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
 But, oh ! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after dat,
 Me never saw de like, man ;
 They make a lang road on the crund,
 And ca' him *Turnimspike*, man.

An' wow she pe a ponnie road,
 Like Loudon corn-riggs, man ;
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
 (In troth they'll no be sheaper ;)
 For naught put gaun upo' the crund,
 And they gie me a paper.

They tak the horse then by te head,
 And tere tey mak her stan', man ;
 Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
 Tey had na sic comman', man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw his purse,
 And pay him what him likes, man ;
 I'll see a shudgement on his toor,
 Tat filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
 Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near to your Turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to purn her."

Fal, &c.

§ 10. That Dougal loved good ale, may be gathered from his own confession, from his traditional reputation, and from his works. There, *John Cheap*, *Leper*, *The Coalman's Marriage*, etc, literally reek of the odours of the tavern, and whether it be a courtship, a wedding, a christening, a funeral, a birth, or the 'swapping' of an old horse, the *dramatis personae* are made to wade through a sea of ale. Curiously enough whiskey is seldom mentioned, although it can hardly be doubted that so

good a judge of liquor as Dougal was not unfamiliar with the flavour of Islay and Campbelton. Although a man of letters, and having some pretensions to being considered a poet, Dougal's tastes and nature were of the earth. His talk is ever of the table, and he seldom takes his eyes from the brose or kailpot. Doubtless, poor Dougal, in his many severe and friendless tramps through the country, with empty pack and emptier stomach,—foot-sore, houseless and worn,—had suffered much from the pangs of hunger, and was thus led to attach paramount importance to plenty food and a warm bed. In his great History he dwells more upon the want of food and 'proper apartments' than upon the real horrors of war, and sees nothing in the trials of the Prince deserving of so much, and such constant sympathy, as the scarcity of victual and the absence of blankets, which he had so frequently to encounter. With what a sympathetic groan does he pity the poor rebels,—

“The men half mad for want of pay
Had little to eat, what's worse, I say?”

Clearly, in Dougal's opinion, nothing. Over and over again does the hungry camp-suttler harp on the same string :

“ They had no meat, mutton or beef,
Of cheese and butter no relief ;
The cry among them night and day,
Was, *Give me money, meat and pay.*”

So, too, the only occasions on which Dougal ever shows any appreciable amount of poetic fervour in recounting the hardships of the Pretender, is when he bewails the absence of beef. Other things might be borne ; all hope of ever reconquering an ancestral throne might perish ; his most leal friends might die like dogs by the hands of the common hangman, and still the deserted Prince might contrive to live in comparative comfort ; but how was it possible that he could have a stomach for anything, when he had not anything for his stomach ! Of a verity, Dougal was in the right, and knew, better even than Spenser, ‘ what hell it is in fasting long to bide.’ But it may be doubted if Dougal fasted as much as more important personages. His code of ethics, never a severe one, had been indefinitely relaxed by the experiences of

camp life ; and one can hardly resist the conclusion that he himself was not the least active of the ‘many of Charley’s crew,’ who, he writes,

———“ indeed, were greedy,
To fill their bellies when they were needy ;
They cocks and hens, and churn and cheese,
Did kill and eat, when they could seize.”

There is some confusion here between the live and inanimate stock, but the object and ultimate results were much the same. “The Highlanders,” says the preface, “STEALT, RAIVT, AND SIPPED THE KIRN,—I really think pinching Hunger caused most of the disorders.” The emphasizing of hunger by capitalizing the initial letter deserves attention. Still more significant is the naive apology for what the Prussians called, in the late war, ‘requisitions,’ and the French, ‘theft,’ but which Dougal, less hardened than the one, and more cautious than the other, merely talks of as a ‘failing.’

“ Some of them paid like honest men,
Others did not, I tell you plain ;
But this I have so fair to say,
They duly got their weekly pay ;
But yet when plunder came in use,
They spared neither duck nor goose ;

Butter, cheese, beef, or mutton,
 All was theirs that could be gotten.
 Pocks of meal, hens and cockies,
 They made that country bare of cluckies.
 Made many a Carlin whinge and girn,
 By crowdie of her meal and kirn ;
 All this they did before their eyes.
 “*Guidwife cum sup here an ye please.*”
I own indeed it was a failing ;
But yet I cannot call it stealing :
Because some folk refused to sell—
How long now cou’d ye fast yoursel’ ?
 For the hungry came, chas’d out the fu’,
 Where meat was found this was their due.”

The confidential character of the ‘now,’ and the calm, settled air of conviction with which the third last line is brought in to clench the argument, are particularly characteristic. But if, under the pressure of dire necessity, and, after a time, perhaps, from mere force of habit, Dougal allowed himself to take provisions on very long credit, the horrors of war did not harden the natural though rough kindliness of his nature. It is with the hungry that he most frequently sympathises, and he can also afford tears for the hardships and death of poor persons and those who were slain in battle. It is with a visible shudder that he narrates how clergymen from the pulpit read aloud

the proclamation, forbidding any one to shelter or give meat or drink to a rebel on pain of death :

“ Of this act I know not what to say,
Since Solomon speaks another way,
And great, yea wiser King than he,
Bid us to feed our enemy,
And give him water for to drink ;
For me I know not what to think.”

Doubtless there is some little touch of the Jacobite in this, but there is also a good deal of heart and sound morality. The question of Dougal's political opinions has been already touched upon. He lived and died a humble but devoted adherent of the Stuart cause. Even the revised version of his History, in spite of its talk about rebels, and its ‘Quaker's Addresses’ on the iniquities of Popery, breathes the spirit of an earnest Jacobite. In some respects no doubt Dougal's opinions changed. The allurements and responsibilities of office caused him to tone down his early confessions, and when he donned the scarlet robe of bellman he abandoned in a measure his public attachment to a ruined cause, but to the last he had a kindly word for Charles, and in the ‘wee sma’ hours ayont the twal”, when

boozing with his own familiar cronies, think ye that the old camp-follower of the Stuarts did not drink brimming bumpers to Him 'across the water !' There were two other circumstances, however, which somewhat slackened Dougal's Jacobite zeal,—his hatred of Highlanders and Popery. Of the latter he has not one good word to say, and as to the former they were his constant aversion. Yet he could be just at times, in spite of his prejudices, as witness the lines :

“ But one thing of Highlanders I see,
Is them they serve they'll faithful be,
For those who served King George, just here,
'Gainst rebels proved most severe ;
And rebels, who afterward did list,
Loyaller hearts no man could trust ;
And, ev'n the conquering of this field,
Unto the English I will not yield.”

On the subject of Popery, Dougal is less generous. The Pope, the Pagan, the Turk and the Devil are by him regarded as birds of a feather. He has no doubt on the subject, asseverating with great emphasis that

“ By Yea and Nay the Popes are thieves,
And he's as stupid that believes
These roguish priests, who pardons sell,
Or yet pray back a soul from hell.
He's surely of the devil's kind,

Who thus deludes the vulgar blind ;
 And who adheres to such a college,
 Will be destroy'd for lack of knowledge.
 With Bead and Wafers, the Devil's batter,
 Your musty Mass, and Holy Water,
 Wherewith ye blind the souls of men,
 For to increase your worldly gain,
 Done with pretence of holiness :
 O hypocrites, why live you thus ?
 You thump, you mump, with face away,
 And at one time you rob and pray,
 Pretend so much to chastitie,
 None of your priests can married be,
 Yet run like rams, and lead lewd lives,
 Ye're but a pack of — — — thieves :

*

*

*

[Folk dread your] 'power of curse and bless,'
 You thus put modesty in distress,
 Pretending miracles and charms,
 To keep from evil spirits' harms,
 Such as clover leaves, and branch of yew,
 Will keep the devil from man or cow,
 And that Holy Water has such effect
 As make him run and break his neck ;
 Ay, to the vulgar too you'll tell
 Of sending letters to heaven or hell,
 Brings half burnt souls from Purgatory,
 For gold you'll harle them out in hurry,
 And those who cannot money raise,
 You'll do it for butter, beef or cheese ;
 But they may there stay eternalie,
 Whose friends will not pay you a fee :
 I think a stronger delusion
 Was never in any ages known,
 The Turk, the Pagan, and the Jew,
 More mercy have to show than you ;

*Your ceremonies so ye cook,
The devil gets none but poor fo'k,
Who cannot pay the priest his fee :
Accurs'd be such belief for me."*

§ 11. Having now discussed at considerable length Graham's life and character, it only remains to determine his position as a writer of fiction, and to vindicate for him a respectable and abiding place in the somewhat scanty ranks of purely Scottish humorists. As a proof that the foregoing estimate of his abilities and literary importance is not singular, the two following criticisms, the one by Scott and the other by Motherwell, are given entire. In a letter to Dr. Strang, Chamberlain to the city of Glasgow, dated 10th May, 1830, Sir Walter writes:—"Neither had I the least idea of his [Graham's] being the author of so much of our *Bibliothèque Bleue* as you ascribe to him, embracing unquestionably several coarse but excessively meritorious pieces of popular humour. The *Turnamspike* alone was sufficient to entitle him to immortality. I had, in my early life, a great collection of these cheap books, and had six volumes of them bought before I was ten years old, com-

prehending most of the most rare and curious of our popular tracts." Still more emphatic is the testimony of Motherwell, who had a much better acquaintance with the subject than Scott. "However slightly we esteem his [Graham's] metrical powers, we really believe he has conscientiously and honestly detailed the events which came under his observation. It is not, however, on the merits of this work, that Graham's fame rests. Had he written only it, we believe he never would have occupied our thoughts for a moment; but as one who subsequently contributed largely to the amusement of the lower classes of his countrymen, we love to think of the facetious bellman. To his rich vein of gross, comic humour, laughable and vulgar description, great shrewdness of observation, and strong, though immeasurably coarse sense, every one of us, after getting out of toy books and fairy tales, has owed much. In truth, it is no exaggeration when we state, that he who desires to acquire a thorough knowledge of low Scottish life, vulgar manners, national characteristics and popular jokes, must de-

vote his days and nights to the study of *John Cheap the Chapman*," &c., &c., &c., "all the productions of Dougal's fertile brain, and his unwearied application to the cultivation of vulgar literature. To refined taste Dougal had no pretensions. His indelicacy is notorious—his coarseness an abomination—but they are characteristic of the class for whom he wrote. He is thoroughly imbued with the national humours and peculiarities of his countrymen of the humblest class, and his pictures of their manners, modes of thinking and conversation are always sketched with a strong and faithful pencil.

Indeed, the uncommon popularity the chap-books above noted have acquired, entitles them, in many a point of view, to the regard of the moralist, and the literary historian. We meet with them on every stall, and in every cottage. They are essentially the Library of Entertaining Knowledge to our peasantry, and have maintained their ground in the affections of the people, notwithstanding the attempt of religious, political, or learned associations, to

displace them, by substituting more elegant and wholesome literature in their stead."

And again, in the same article (1824):—"In thus directing public attention to the obscure labours of this caterer for vulgar taste, we think ourselves entitled to some credit, for sure enough the little information we have been enabled to give concerning them, would, in a short while, have been wholly lost, and in some hundred years hence, to ascertain the author of the tracts we have enumerated, would have been as idle an endeavour, as it would now be for a book collector to attempt the recovery of the famous library of Captain Cox of Kenilworth." It is unnecessary to add much to Motherwell's just and admirable criticism. Coarse as Graham's writings undoubtedly are, and indecent even for the outspoken age, the manners and conversation of which they too faithfully reflect, it is the coarseness of a rude and healthy nature, not the veneered and loathsome sensualism of French type. It is the vulgar frankness of Chaucer, not the insinuated poison of Ouida; the half un-

conscious revelations of the savage who is ignorant of the etiquette of good society, not the thin and suggestive drapery of the ballet girl who selects the can-can as the medium of her art. These remarks are not to be taken as implying the innocence of Graham's works. Coarse and not altogether profitable even at the tune of their production, when their large utterances gave little or no offence, they are now unsuited to the more reserved, though not perhaps much healthier, tastes of the public. But happily this ugly element does not predominate. It but smutches a page here and there, leaving the rest clean and fresh.

The most valuable of Graham's productions are also the most original: for they are not, like *George Buchanan* and *Simple John*, mere compilations of stolen facetiæ, but fresh and faithful transcripts of his own homely experience. Such are the *Haveral Wives*, *Jockey and Maggy's Courtship*, *John Cheap the Chapman*, the *Coalman's Courtship*, and *Lothian Tom*. On these five, Dougal's main chance of being remembered rests. He possessed this advantage

over the ordinary historian ; that the latter from his superior height and position seldom condescended to enter the huts of the poor, and when he did enter, the inmates were frightened into their 'Sunday clothes and manners' by his stately and majestic presence. But Dougal, being himself one of the poorest, introduces us into the most secret, domestic, and every-day life and thoughts of the lower classes of last century. Nothing is hidden from him. He is treated with a familiarity which shows that his hosts have no wish to hide anything. Then, too, he made his reader familiar not only with their mode of life, but with the peculiarities of their dialect, and in this way shed a not unfrequent light on philology. Add to these virtues that Dougal is never out of humour, always laughing and gossiping, drinking and telling old tales. His laughter, also, is contagious ; we cannot contain ourselves. All his stories are full of people who laugh 'like to burst,' and one cannot help but join them in their cacchinations. Nor are his sketches wanting in dramatic power. The characters are full of individuality and life,

rendered more significant by a local flavour of demeanor and dialect. More than one of them might have afforded models for some of the raciest of Scott's creations, and all of them are instinct with genuine humour and vitality. All this will be discussed at greater length when the tales themselves come to be analysed. But what has been written is surely a sufficient vindication of this volume; the material collected in which it would be impossible to obtain fifty years hence. There are not a few who, if the choice were offered them, would vastly prefer to spend an hour or two over a modest tumbler, with this quaint, coarse, deformed, greedy, kindly, humorous old bellman, and hear him discuss his hair-breadth escapes at Prestonpans and Falkirk, and his merry rambles with *John Cheap* and drouthy Tom, than they would dine off turtle and French kick-shaws and unsatisfying Chablis, with many of the producers of modern poetry and fiction. It is not to be expected, of course, that every one will go quite so far as this, but it may be hoped that the most indifferent reader of this book will

have found some little instruction and pleasure in following thus far the adventures and writings of *Dougal Graham*, 'the skellat bellman of Glasgow.'

CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL CLASSIFICATION OF SUBJECT.

I.—Dramatic Sketches.

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| § 1. <i>Jocky and Maggy's Courtship.—Critical Remarks.—Curious Scotch Custom of 'Bedding.'</i> | <i>John.—Other Versions of same.</i> |
| § 2. <i>The Coalman's Courtship.—Critical Remarks.</i> | § 5. <i>History of the Haverall Wives.</i> |
| § 3. <i>The Art of Courtship.</i> | § 6. <i>Brief Notice of some Poetical Chap-Books.</i> |
| § 4. <i>Silly Tam, alias Simple</i> | § 7. <i>A Diverting Courtship.</i> |
| | § 8. <i>The Pleasures of Matrimony.—Other versions of same.</i> |

The humorous chap-books, as already indicated, comprise by far the most characteristic and valuable portion of this sort of literature. It is in them almost alone that the lower and agricultural classes of last century still live and move; and in them, consequently, do we find the largest amount of local colouring and originality. It would be difficult, and hardly indeed profitable, to give an exhaustive enumeration of all the works that fall under this head, but the list

here given will be found to include most of them that have either attained, or deserved to attain, a large amount of popularity. They fall to be discussed under the two heads of:

1. Dramatic Sketches, and
2. Simple Narratives.

1. The phrase 'dramatic sketches' is employed to distinguish the tales in which dialogue abounds, accompanied by a distinct, and more or less carefully elaborated plot, from those histories of the *George Buchanan* type, in which a number of indifferent incidents and jokes, which have no connexion with one another, and are stolen from many sources, are thrown together in any order, and attributed to some fictitious or historical personage. Although few in number, these rude dramas are, in some respects, the most remarkable specimens of the *genus* chap. The best known are,—

1. Jockey and Maggy's Courtship.
2. The Coalman's Courtship.
3. The Art of Courtship.
4. Silly Tam *alias* Simple John.
5. The History of Haveral Wives.

JOCKEY AND MAGGY.

§ 1. The whole proceedings of Jockey and Maggy. In five parts.

1. Jockey and Maggy's Courtship as they were coming from the Market.
2. The wonderful work of our John, shewing how he made Janet like an Elshin shaft, and got his ain Maggy wi' bairn forby.
3. The wonderful work of our John made manifest before the minister.
4. How Jockey and his mother went away to see his bastard child.
5. How Jockey had another child, and could not get it baptised until he mounted the stool; with an account of his mother's death and burial. Also an elegy on the same occasion. Carefully corrected and revised by the author. Glasgow: Printed for and sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country—1783. (36 pp.)

The first edition, in all likelihood, was published about as early as 1755, since which time the work has gone through many editions. As early as 1824 an emasculated version, in three parts, was common, an abridgement of which is still to be had from booksellers who deal in cheap literature, and is entitled, "The Whole Proceedings of Jockey and Maggy's Courtship, with The

Great Diversion that Ensued at the Wedding. In Three Parts. Glasgow, Printed for the Booksellers." (12mo.). The matter of the first two parts is identical with that of the original, with the exception of a few trifling omissions and additions, but parts third and fourth, and the greater portion of part fifth, are left out, as also the epitaph and elegy on Jockey's mother, the death of that dame being not even hinted at. As the difference in the spelling of the two editions possesses some philological interest, it may be worth a passing reference. The words 'meikle,' 'had' (held) 'mawn,' 'o',' 'war' (worse), 'married on a you,' 'plenishen,' 'yence,' 'whan,' 'ill-far'd,' 'gawn,' 'masket,' 'than,' and 'cannas,' which is the spelling in the original, being represented in the modern version by 'haud,' 'maun,' 'of,' 'waur,' 'married to you,' 'plenishing,' 'ance,' 'when,' 'ill-faured,' 'gaun,' 'masked,' 'then,' and 'canvas.' A characteristic addition occurs at the end of part first, which, in the early version, concludes with the words, "So this disturbet their bedding," to which matter-of-fact statement some po-

etical patcher has added, "and the sky was beginning to break in the east before the hurly-burly was over." An abridgment was also published in 1793, with the title: "A Dialogue of Courtship between Jockey and Maggy, as they were coming from the market, or the wonderful works of our John, giving excellent instructions how to court a country girl."—(12mo. 1793.) A complete, indeed, verbatim copy, of the first edition, was published in 1823, and is the one now commonly to be found in the possession of bibliopoles. The narrative is written with a vigour and Chaucerian breadth of humour, which make one regret the more the indecencies with which many of its pages are smutched. But both as a literary production, and as a singularly graphic picture of real life, it is, undoubtedly, its author's masterpiece.

PART I.

After describing with coarse humour how Jockey wooed Jenny on their way home from the market, and how the marriage was arranged by their respective mothers,

Part First proceeds to detail the wedding dinner :

“The wooing being over and the day being set, Jockey’s mither killed the black boul horn’d yeal Ewe, that lost her lamb the last year, three hens an’ a gule-fitted cock to prevent the ripples, five peck ’o maut masket in the meikle kirn, a pint o’ trykle to mak’ it thicker an’ sweeter an’ maumier for the mouth ; 5 pints o’ whisky, wherein was garlic and spice, for raising o’ the wind an’ the clearing o’ their water. The friends and good neighbours went a’ wi’ John to the Kirk, where Maggy *chanced to meet him*, and was married by the minister. The twa companies joined the gither and cam hame in a croud ; at every change-house they chanced to pass by, Providence stopt their proceedings with full stoups, bottles and glasses, drinking their healths, “wishing them much joy, ten girls and a boy. Jockey, seeing so many wishing well to his health, coupt up what he gat for to augment his health, and gar him live lang, which afterwards coupt him up and proved detrimental to the same.

“So hame cam they to the dinner, where his mither presented to them a piping het haggis, made of the creish of the black boul horned Ewe, boil’d in the meikle bag, mixt with bear-meal, onions, spice and mint. This haggis being supt warm set John’s belly a-bizzing like a working fat.”

So John, turning very pale, was put to bed.

“Pale and ghostly was his face, and closed were baith his een. ‘Ah!’ cries his mitner, ‘a dismal

day indeed, his bridal and his burial may be a' on ae day.' Some cuist water in his face, and jag'd him wi' a needle, till he began to rouse himself up, and rap out some broken words : ' Mither, mither ! whar am I now ? ' ' Whar are you now, my bairn, says his mither, ye're bedet an' I'll bring the bride to you.'

" ' Bedet ! an' is my bridal done else ?'

" ' Ay,' said she, ' here's the bride to lie down wi' you.'

" ' Na, na,' said he, ' I'll no lie wi' that unco' woman if it binna heads and thraws, the way I lay wi' you, mither.'

" ' O fy, dinna affront yoursel.'

" ' The bride fa's a-crying, " O mither, mither ! was this the way my father guidet you the first night ?'

" ' Na, na, thy father was a man o' manners, and better mettle, poor thing Meg, thou's can'd thy hogs to a bonny market.'

" ' A bonny market !' says his mither, ' a shame fa' you an' her baith, he's wordy o' her though she were better nor what she is, or e'er will be.'

" ' His friends and her friends being in a mixt multitude, some took his part, some took her's ; and there did a battle begin in the clap of a hand, being a very fierce tumult, which ended in blood ; they struck so hard with stones, sticks, beetles, and barrow-trams, pigs, pots, stoups, and trunchers were flying like bombs and granadoes. The crook boulds and tangs were all employed as weapons of war, till down cam the bed, with a great mou of peats ! So this disturbet their bedding."

PART SECOND.

Part Second opens with a continuation of the great fight.

“The hamsheughs were very great, until auld uncle Rabby came in to redd them; and a sturdy auld fallow he was. He stood stively with a stiff rumple, and by strength of his arms rave them sindry, flinging the tane east and the tither west, until they stood a’ round about like as many breathless for-foughten cocks, and no ane durst steer anither for him; Jockey’s mither was driven o’er a kist, and brogit a’ her hips on a round heckle; up she gat, and rinning to fell Maggy’s mither wi’ the ladle, swearing she was the mither o’ a’ the mischief that happened, Uncle Rabby ran in between them, he having a long nose, like a trumpet, she recklessly came o’er his lobster neb a drive wi’ the ladle till the blood sprang out, an’ ran down his auld grey beard and hang like snuffy bubbles at it. O! then he gaed wood, and looked as waefu’ like as he had been a tod-lowrie come frae worrying the lambs, wi’ his bloody mouth. Wi’ that he gets an auld flail, and rives awa’ the supple, then drives them a’ to the back o’ the door, but yet nane wan out; then wi’ chirten an’ chappen down comes the clayhallen and the hen bawk wi’ Rab Reid the fiddler, who had crept up aside the hens for the preservation of his fiddle.”

Finally, through the exertions of Uncle Rabby, the hurly-burly is brought to a peaceful end, after which “Rabby an’ auld

Sandy, the suitor o' Seggyhole, prapet up the bed wi' a rake, an' a rippling kame; the bearers being broken, they made a solid foundation o' peats, laid on the caff-bed and bowsters, where Jockey and Maggy was bedded the second time."

Six months and "four oukes" elapsed, when Jenny's mother, Marion, discovering that her daughter was not so well as she ought to be, called on Jock's mother, and gave her and her son a bit o' her mind, which excited Maggy so much that she had a miscarriage.

"But Maggy grew better the next day and was able to muck the byre; yet there gaed sic a tittle-tattling through the town, every auld wife tell'd anither o't, and a' the light hippit hissies that rins between towns at een, tugging at their tou-rocks, spread it round the kintry; and everybody's mouth was filled wi' Jockey and Jenny, and how Maggy had parted wi' bairn."

The news at length reaches Mess John Hill, who despatched the elder and Clinkem Bell, the grave maker, to summon Jockey and Jenny to the Session, "to see how the stool of repentance wa'd set them." The guilty parties appear, and a humorous in-

terview follows, which is brought to a stormy climax by Jockey's mother denouncing repenting stools in vigorous terms.

PART III.

Jockey, acting on his mother's advice, refuses to obey the command of the Session, although three times summoned to appear, until one Saturday morning, Clinkem Bell and John King, the constable, "caught him just at his brose, hauls him awa', ane at ilka oxter like twa butcher dogs hinging at a bill's beard; his mither followed, driving up with good counsel." Then follows the interview before the Justice of the Peace, who orders Jockey to find caution that he will answer the Session, before whom he appears on the following day, Sabbath, after the sermon. Here Jockey is supported by his mother who argues the case boldly before the minister, until she is turned out, whereupon Jockey, being left to his own wits, gets into a muddle and confesses his sin, on which his mother, who stands listening at the door, shrieks her maledictions on him through the key-hole.

The language and obstinacy of the pair so enrage the reverend bench that they are condemned to exclusion from all church benefit, and laid under the lesser ex-communication.

PART IV.

Part Fourth relates a visit paid by Jockey and his mother to Jenny and her bairn, on being asked for something towards the support of which Jockey's mother indignantly exclaims: "Did not I send you my guid sprittled hen, a pund o' butter, an' a' sixpence, forby a lippy o' groats, an' a furlet o' meal;" and on Jenny's mother replying that these articles were of inferior quality, the angry dame retorts that she herself feeds on "hacket kail, brose made o' groat-meal, and grey meal, sand seeds, dust and weak shilling, an' onything is good enough for the like of her" [Jenny.]

PART V.

Part Fifth opens with an account of the journey home of Jockey and his mother, of the latter's sudden death and burial, and how the friends "cam in a croud, and fell

to the cheese and cheeks o' leaves tuth and nail; the ale being handed about in cogs and caps, lashing it down like bleechers watering their webs." Eight and twenty weeks afterwards, Maggy bears John a son, which compels John to go to the minister, who refuses to baptise the child until John obey the order of the Session to clear himself of the scandal. So, "upon Sunday thereafter, John comes with Uncle Rabby's auld wide coat, a muckle grey-tailed wig, and a big bonnet that covered his face, so that he seemed more like an old Pilgrim than a young fornicator; mounts the creepy wi' a stiff, stiff back, as he had been a man of sixty. Every one looked at him, thinking he was some old stranger, that knew not the stool of repentance by another seat, so that he passed the first day unknown but to very few; yet on the second it came to be known, that the whole parish and many more, came to see him, which caused such a confusion that he was absolved and got his children baptized the next day."

The baptism, however, is not performed until after a vigorous dispute between

Jenny and Maggy as to their sons' names, both wishing to call her infant John. Ultimately the matter is settled by the "by-start" being called "Jockey," and the legitimate child "John Bell." The narrative is followed by an epitaph and an elegy on Jockey's mither.

AN EPITAPH ON JOCKEY'S MOTHER.

Here lies the dust of John Bell's mither,
 Against her will, death brought her hither,
 Clapt in this hole hard by his dady,
 Death snatched her up, ere she was ready.
 Lang might she liv'd were't not her wame;
 But wha can live beyond their time?
 There's none laments her but the Suter,
 So here she lies, looking about her;
 Looking about her!—How can that be?
 Yes, she sees her state better than we.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOCKEY'S MITHER.

Now a' body kens my mither's dead,
 For weel I wat I bore her head,
 And in the grave I saw her laid,
 'Twas e'en right drole,
 For her to change a warm fire-side
 For a cauld Kirk-hole.

But ilk-ane tell'st, just like a sang,
 That yon's the gate we've a' to gang,
 For me to do't, I think nae lang,
 If I can do better;
 For I true my mither think'st nae fang,
 What need we clatter.

But thanks to death ay for the futer,
 That didna let her get the Suter ;
 For 'bout her gear wad been a splutter,
 And sae had been,
 For he came ay snoking about her,
 Late at e'en.

* * * * *

But to get gear was a' her drift,
 And used many a pinging shift ;
 About her spinning and her thrift
 Was a' her care ;
 She's gotten but little abune the lift
 Wi' her to wear.

FINIS.

So ends this rustic pastoral, valuable less for its intrinsic merits than for the light which it throws on national life, manners, and language. The matter-of-fact way in which the courtship is gone about; the business-like inventory of effects heritable and movable, made by the contracting parties before the bargain is ratified; the coolness of Maggy, and her prompt independence, in demanding a plain 'yes' or 'no,' in seeming indifference which it is; the unconsciousness of the personages that there is anything offensive in their indecencies of word and action; and the lenient sympathetic light in which everyone, from 'Mess

John' downward, seems to regard the systematic evasion of the Seventh Commandment,—are significant proofs of how deeply the national character was, and to some extent still is, imbued with coarseness and unconscious indelicacy. Their standard of ethics, Sundays and Sacraments apart, was not high, and a spirit of immorality gave a colour to the language and customs of all classes. In rural districts, particularly, the master passion of human nature—Love—was regarded simply in the light of a strong animal instinct. There was nothing holy or indestructible, or spiritual,—nothing of sweetness and light, and poetry,—in the marriage of man and woman. It was nothing more, nor less, than two persons of opposite sexes going to bed at a time when night-clothes were not worn. Neither for youth nor maid had marriage any secrets, and the most hidden places of the Goddess were laid bare to the eyes of the world. All this is reflected in the Courtship of Jockey and Maggy. No writer of the time makes us feel so often the warm touch of naked flesh as does Dougal Graham. That in doing so

he was but the faithful echo of his age, is only too certain. No better proof of this could be desired than the custom of 'bedding' newly married people, on which the story turns. Bible-reading people must have sunk low indeed, and become terribly material in their ideas, before such a thing could have been, not only tolerated, but universally practiced, among the humbler classes. But why talk in the past tense? In the Western Highlands, at least, if nowhere else, young people are still 'bedded,' both before and after marriage. When McTavish, who is a sturdy young fisherman, after courting Maggy, a winsome servant girl, for some weeks, and the wedding though not definitely fixed as to day and hour, is at any rate settled, the ceremony of the 'bedding' is performed, with the view of ratifying the betrothment. The *modus operandi* has, at least, the merit of simplicity. The young girl selects some female friend to keep her company, and, in a rough sort of way, to guarantee the innocence of the two leading actors in the little pastoral comedy. The two girls go to bed

each in her short-gown and petticoat, while the happy lover, in his shirt and drawers, takes up a position between them. Sometimes, especially if the 'Campbeltown' has been passing freely, which is almost always the case, accidents occur, and in the event of the 'herring' turning out badly, the marriage has to be postponed, although, as not unfrequently happens, another event is expected, which can *not* be put off. There are, happily, extenuating circumstances, for these and similar customs are inherited, and being universally observed in certain ranks of life, little importance either for good or evil is attached to them. There is, besides, in the Scottish character a rude healthiness, even in its impurity, which preserves it from putrefaction.

But to return to Jockey and Maggy. Upon a small canvas, and with a few rude colours, the artist has succeeded in painting a singularly life-like and humorous picture, which, for breadth, vividness, and dramatic force, will compare, though unfavorably, with the "Clerkes' Tale" and Hogarth's "Company of Strollers." Coarse it is, un-

doubtedly, but delicate tints could never have rendered the gross reflections of the original. It is coarse because it is true, and could not be true without being coarse. This is not meant to defend Dougal, but to point out the historical accuracy of his work. It is, of course, to be deplored that the low morality of the masses ever made such a picture possible, and the non-circulation of these tales throughout the country at the present day, although in some measure due to prohibitive enactment, is a favourable sign of the progress of civilization; but, if the picture was to be painted at all, it is not Graham's fault that the original was somewhat forbidding and black.

THE COALMAN'S COURTSHIP.

§ 2. The Coalman's Courtship to the Creel Wife's Daughter. In Three Parts.

I. Containing a very curious dialogue between the Carter and his mother, who instructs him in the real art of courtship. 2. Sawny's visit to his sweetheart, and what passed betwixt them. With an account of the house where Sawny got drunk, and of the terrible misfortunes he met with in consequence. 3. Description of his second visit to his intended bride, and how Sawny was in danger of

losing his sweetheart. How her mother got all parties pleased again ; with an account of the wedding of this happy couple. The whole abounding with the most laughable occurrences. Edinburgh : Printed for the bookseller.' (No date, 12mo.)

Later editions with much the same title, and all but the same in substance, were published by J. & M. Robertson, Glasgow, and McKenzie and Hutchison, Saltmarket, Glasgow, and abridged versions are largely circulated at the present day.

PART I.

Sawny, the young coalman, was the son of Mary, a poor, but wanton widow, who lived near Edinburgh. Plagued by his mother's tongue, Sawny resolved on marrying, with which intent he asked the old woman's advice.

Sawny.—Do you mind, mithers, that day I gaed to the Pans, I came in by auld Matty's, your kintry-woman's, the Fife-wife, it came out o' the town ye came frae, the wife that says, "Be-go laddie," I gaed there, and she wasna in, and her doughter kend me ; she was unco' kind, and made me fat brose out o' the lee-side o' her kail pat, there was baith beef and paunches in't ; ode, they smelled like ony haggies, and shin'd a' like the gold-laced waistcoat ; figs, I suppet till I was like to rive o'

them, and had a rift o' them the morn a' day ; when I came out, I had a kite like a cow wi' calf. She spiered for you, mither, and I said ye was gaily. And she looked to me and leugh ay, and gripet my shanklebane, and said, I wad be a sturdy fellow yet. I looked ay to her and thought I liked her, and thinks on't ay sinsyne, she leugh and bade me seek out a coal-driver for her, for she didna like to carry a fish creel.

Mither.—Forsooth, Sawny, I'll gie my twa lugs for a lav'rock's egg, if she binna in love with thee, and that will be a bargain.

Sawny.—An' upon my word, mither, she's a sturdy gimmer, weel worth the sneaking after ; she has a dimple in every cheek, and ane on her chin ; two legs like twa posts, and haunches like a sodger's lady's hoop, they hobble when she shakes, and her paps play niddlety-nod when she gangs.
* * * I ken by her keeking she has a conceit o' me.

Mither.—But Sawny, man, an' thou see her mither Matty in the town, auld Be-go laddie as ye ca' her, gie her a dram, she lik'st weel ; spout ye a mutchkin o' molash in her cheek, ye'll get her mind and speak the better.

Sawny being ignorant of the art of courtship, sought counsel from his mother, who advised him “to go in wi' braw good manners, and something manfu' ; to put on a Sunday's face and sigh as he were a saint ; to sit down beside her as he were a Mess

John ; to keek ay till her, now and then, with a stolen look, and haud his mouth as mim and grave as a May paddock, or a whore at a christening ;” lastly, he was to “crack weel o’ their wealth and hide their poverty.”

Sawny.—“Aha, but mither,” co’ Sammy, “I dinna ken the first word o’ courting, the lassie’ll no ken what am come about.”

Mither.—“Ay, will she, lad, wink and keek weel till her, she’ll hae a guess ; get a quiet word o’ her at the door ; an’ gin it be dark, gie her a wee bit kiss when ye’ve told your errand ; and gin they gie you cheese and bread, or ony meat, ca’t good whether it be sae or no : and for my blessing, be mensfu’ wi’ your mouth, and dinna eat o’er meikle, for I seen you sup as mony milk-brose as wad a sair’d twa men to carry on a barrow.”

Sawny.—“Ay, but mither, ye’re lying now, or it was na a’ at ance than, but an’ they set meat before me, an’ I be hungry, a deil claw the cloungest, an’ I be na upsides wi’t for that same. A faith, mither, folks maun hae meat an’ they sud ne’er get wives, there’s some o’ them no worth the cursing, an’ a body were na letting an oath whether or no ; a hear ye that now, when ye pit me to it and gar me speak ; ay, by my sooth, I wad rather hae a bit good powny and a pound of cheese, or I were bound to bab after ony hissie’s buttocks I see yet.”

Mither.—“Wa’, Sandy man, you are a fool, and that’s a faut ; an’ every ane were as easy about

women as thou is, the warld wad be a wilderness in a wee time; there wad be naebody to inhabit the earth but brute beasts, cats and dogs wad be worrying ithers and everything gae to confusion. Gae to the courting, ye dog it ye are, and either do something or naething ava."

PART II.

Part second relates how Sawny, having dressed himself in his best, and sold his coals,

"Gade keeking up the Cow-gate, and thro' the closes, seeking auld Be-go his good mother to be, then in thro' the fish-market, whare he bought a lang herring and twa baps, a pair of suter's auld shoon greased black and made new, as he kend the ass would look at them, for his mither tell'd him, the women looked ay to the men's legs or they married them, and the weel legged louns made best off.

"So Sawney came swaggering through a' the shell wives, but she wasna there, but coming down the town beneath the guard, meets auld Be-go just in the teeth, and cries, 'Hey laddie, my dow, how's your mither, honest Mary?' 'I thank you,' co' Sawny, 'she's meat heal, and ay working some; how's a' at home? is Kate and the laddie weel?' "

Mat.—"Fu' weel, my dow; you're a braw saucy dog grown, a wally fa' me gin I kend ye."

"Come, come," quo' Sawney, "an' I'll gie you a nossock to heat your wame, it's a cauld day and ye are my mither's kintrywoman."

“Na fair fa’ you, Sawney, I’ll na refus’t, a dram is better the day nor a clap on the back with a cold shule, sae follow me, my dow.”

“So awa’ she took me,” co’ Sawny, “down a lang stair, to ane of the how-houses beneath the yird, where it was as mirk as in a coal heugh, and they had a great fire. ‘Sweet be wi’ me,’ co’ Sawney, ‘for it minds me o’ the ill past!’ and a great pot like a little cauldron, seething broth and roasting flesh, the wife drew them out as fast as she could in cogs and caps; for there came in a wheen souter-like fellows wi’ black thumbs and creeshy aprons, that cutted them up in a wee time, but they never fash’d wi’ us nor we with them. We first got a gill, and then a het pint. ‘A vow,’ said I, ‘Matty, is nae Kate gaun to get a man yet?’”

Hereupon follows a coarse but humorous dialogue between the loving pair, the up-shot of which was that Old Be-go promised her daughter to Sawny, and that gentleman went home helplessly drunk to his mother, who put him to bed, where he lay all night in great physical agony.

PART III.

About break of day Sawny got better, but even after supping three mutchkins of milk made in thin brose, and a fine pickle pepper in them, he

“Had a sougning in his lugs like a saw mill, and

everything ran round about with him a' that day. Yet his mither got him out of the bed on o' the meikle chair, a pair of blankets about his shouthers, a cod at his back, and a hot brick to his soles, to gar him true he was na weel, and there he sat like a lying-in wife, cracking like a Hollander, and ate twa dead herrin' and a cufe, telling a' the outs and ins about his bridal, and whan it was to be; for he had gotten everybody's consent but the bride's about it."

Mither.—"But, Sawny, man, that's the main thing, ye maun hae that, too."

Sawny.—"Na, na, mither, am the only thing mysel', she's but a member, the men maun ay be foremost, gang what way it will, I'se be the uppermost."

Mither.—"But, Sawny, man, what way is thou gaun to do, will ye mak a pay penny wedding, or twa three good nibours, a peck o' meal baken wi' a cheese, and a barrel of ale, will that do?"

Sawny.—"Na, na, mither, I'll tak a cheaper gate nor ony o' them, I'll gar haf-a-crown and a half mutchkin, or a rake o' coals do it a', then a body has nae mair to do, but—tumble into bed."

Mither.—"Na, na, my man Sawny, I hae mony a time heard thy honest father say, that never a ane would do well that capstrided the kirk or cuckold the minister."

Sawny.—"Ah, tell na me, mither, of the ministers; they're ay for their ain hands as weel as ither fouks, an if a poor beggar body had a bit wean to chrisen, a deil a doit they feike him o't."

Mither.—"Hute awa, man, there's naebody has weans, but what has siller to pay the christening o' them; or if they be that poor, they sud get nae weans and they wadna be fash'd syne."

After this summary cutting of the Malthusian knot, an argument ensues as to the propriety of the widow marrying again, Sawny maintaining that as she had fasted so long, and had plenty of milk, meat, tobacco and snuff, she should yet "smell at the crack of the whip." It was agreed, however, that he should call on his intended. So on the morning Sawney got his clothes cleaned, "his hair combed and greased with butter, and his face as clean as the cat had licked it, and away he went, singing—

"I will buy a pound of woo',
I will wash't and mak' a plaidy,
I'm gaun ower the muir to woo,
Carline, is your daughter ready—"

When Sawny entered, "wha think ye was in company wi' Kate, the bride, but the wee button o' a tailor, who sat and sewed on a table, cocked like a turd on a trencher, but whan he kend wha was come, he leaped down on the floor, cust a dash o' pride like a little bit prince, bobet about, and so out

he goes with a tear in his eye, and his tail between his feet like a half-worried colly dog.

Sawny.—"Now, Katty, do ye ken what am come about?"

Kate.—"Oh yes, my mither telt me; but I'm no ready yet, I hae twa gowns to spin and things to mak'."

Sawny.—"Tute, things to mak'! ye hae as mony things as ye'll need, woman; canna ye spin gowns in our ain house wi' me, as weel as here wi' an auld girning mither?"

Kate.—"But, dear Saunders, ye maun gie a body time to think on't—'twad be ill-far'd to rush thegither just at the first."

Sawny.—"And do ye think I hae nothing a-do but come here every ither day hoiting after you! it'll no do; I maun be either aff wi' ye or on wi' ye; either tell me or tak' me, for I ken o' ither twa, an' some o' ye I will hae, for as am a sinner, my mither is gaun to be married, too, an' she can get a bit man o' ony shape or trade."

Kate.—"Deed, then, Saunders, since ye're in sic a haste, ye maun e'en tak them that's readiest, for am no ready yet."

Sawny.—"A, dear woman, whan your mither and my mither's pleased, and am willing to venture on ye, what a sorrow ails ye?"

Kate.—"Na, na, I'll think on't twa or three days; its o'er lang a term to see without a thought."

Sawny.—"Wode, I think ye're a cumstrarie

piece o' stuff; it's true enough ye'r mither said o' ye, that ye're no for a poor man."

Kate.—"And what mair said she o' me?"

Sawny.—"Wode, she said ye could do naething but wash mugs and scoure gentlemen's bonny things, but hisssies that is bred amang gentle houses, minds me o' my mither's cat, but ye're far costlier to keep, for she wastes naythur saep nor water, but spits in her lufe and washes ay at her face, and wheens o' ye can do naether thing;" and up he gets.

Kate.—"O, Saunders, but ye be short, will ye no stay till my mither come hame?"

Sawny.—"I've staid lang aneugh, for ony thing I'll be the better; and am na sae short as your tottom o' a taylor, that I could stap in my shoe."

Home he went in a passion, and to his bed he ran, singing "O death, death! I thought the jade wad a jump'd at me; no comfort nor happiness mair for poor me. O mither gae mak' my kist and bake my burial bread, for I'll die this night or soon the morn." But early next morning "in comes auld Be-go, his good mither, who had left her daughter in tears, for the slighting of Sawny; and hauls him and his mither away to get a dinner of dead fish, where a' was agreed upon and the wedding to be upon Wednesday; no bridal fouks but the twa mithers and themselves twa."

So, according to appointment, they met at Edinburgh, where Sawny got the 'Cheap Priest,' who gave them "twa-three words and twa-three lines, took their penny and a good drink, wished them joy, and gaed his wa's. 'Now,' said auld Be-go, 'if that be your minister, he's but a drunken ——; mony a ane drinks up a,' but he leaves naething; he's got that penny for devil a haet; ye might hae cracked lufes on't, [*tane ane anither's word, a kiss and a hoddle at a hillock side,] and be as well if no better; I hae seen some honest men say mair o'er their brose nor what he said a' thegither; but an ye pleased, am pleased; a bout in the bed ends a' and makes firm wark, sae here's to you and joy to the bargain—it's ended now, weel I wat ?' "

Much of the criticism passed on Jockey and Maggy will apply to the Coalman and his lusty bride. Many of the expressions used are exceedingly interesting, and would afford ample matter for separate treatment.

*The words [] are in the Glasgow, but not in the Edinburgh, edition.

So is the episode of the Cheap Priest, suggesting the sham clergymen of Fleet street, with their cheap marriages and dirty bands. 'Sawny,' the hero, is rather more intelligent than Jockey, but both are favorable representatives of a class of persons once common in Scotland, who, in spite of a certain cunning and sly humour, were more than half fools. His mother, again, is Chaucer's Wife of Bath—talkative, lustful, worldly, and, when aroused, a devil to scold. There is little or no difference between her and her counterpart in Jockey and Maggy.

THE ART OF COURTSHIP.

§ 3. The Art of COURTSHIP, containing *An Interesting Dialogue* that passed between William Lawson and his sweetheart, Bessy Gibb. *Also two Love-Letters which he sent to his Sweetheart, and her Answers* : Very beneficial for such blate wooers, or young beginners, as have not gotten the art of courtship. And two receipts : *The one for young Men how to wale a good wife, and the other for young Women how to wale a good husband. To which is added, The Laughable Tale of the MONK and MILLER'S WIFE, and An Address to a SCOTCH HAGGIS, On New-Year's Day.* Stirling : printed and sold by M. Randall. 12mo. n.d.

This is a rare tract of unknown authorship, although it bears strong signs of having been written or edited by Dougal Graham, or at least suggested by his writings. It is a somewhat feeble reflection of the Coalman, and on the whole, not worth much as a literary production. Willie Lawson was a young cobbler about twenty-five years of age, who lived with his mother, Beatrix Brown, a wanton widow, a few miles from Frazerburgh. Anxious to get a wife, he takes counsel of his mother how he will know a good wife from a bad one.

Mither.—"Indeed, Willie, gif ye want a thrifty wife, you may wale a gay stout huffy wi' braid shoulders and thick about the haunches, an' braw and braid on the buttocks, that can sup her wame fu' o' brose or porrage, or eat a dry pease bannock, if better canna be gotten; that has been lang a servant in ae house, though twice or thrice awa', an' ay feed back again; that's nae cankert to the cats, nor kicks the colly dogs amang her feet; that wad let a' brute beasts live, an' it binna rats an' mice, an' bogs an' fleas, that bites the bairns in their beds, an' in their cradles; that carefully kaims the young things' heads, and dights the snotter frae their nose, as gin they were a' her ain; that's the lass that will make a guid wife; for them

that dauts the young bairns will be kind to auld fook an they had them."

Willie.—"But, mithers, I had a kindness for Jean Kid, fu' will she do, think ye?"

Mithers.—"Na, na, Willie my bairn, she will never dae, man; her arms and legs are sma' up an' down like the cat's elbeek, she can dae nothing but puck an sew an wear bra clouts an black caps an drink tea; but ye maun get ane that can card an spin an wirk in barn an byre; but tak' my advice, Willie, an' ne'er gang to kirk nor market to wale a wife, for ye winna ken their shape wi' braw clouts and black caps, for ye canna see a bit o' them, but a bit o' their face an' the point o' their nose glowering out beneath their black cap, an' syne the back o' their head is as braid as a browster wife's backside."

Willie.—"Well, mithers, can ye tell me far I'll get a guid wife?"

Mithers.—"Indeed, Willie, ye may try Bessy Gibb in Hill-side, gin she will tak' you, for she is a gude servant baith out and in. Ye may gang there upon Friday, at four in the afternoon, it's a very happy time to court a wife."

Willie.—"Well, mithers, I will gang there upon Friday, but fat will I say till her?"

Mithers.—"I'll tell thee man fat to say; tell her that ye are sair needin' a wife, an' that ye loe her better nor ony ither lass; an' than ye may tak' her head in your oxter an' clap her cheeks, and than gie her a bit kiss; and gin she dinna like ye, she will had her head far awa; but gin she loe ye, she will meet ye hauf way wi' her mou', and gin she do that, for my blessing, Willie, lae the kisses

thick upon her—thick and mony fauld—she will loe ye the better !”

“The morn being Friday, aff sets Willie to the courting, wi’ a’ his braws on, wi’ a lang coat and a pair of gun-mouth’d breeks o’ his father’s, gawn as proud as ony bailie ; and at last he comes to the house where his sweetheart lived ; in he goes, and said, ‘Whar is Bessy Gibb?’ ‘Indeed,’ says the good wife, she’s away frae hame, ye may look gin ye see her coming in the hill-side?”

Away went Willie, met her, proposed, and was accepted right off, and two days afterwards sent her a love letter to this effect :

“A LOVE LETTER.

“DEAR BESSY.—This comes with my sincere love and affection to you, hoping ye’ll loe me ay the better, when you read these lines ; an’ dinna disapcint me for I’ve got little sleep this twa nights, thinking and dreaming about ye’s. I hope ye’ll let nae ither man grow o’er thrang wi’ you till I see you again. Whan the bearer comes wi’ this letter, he says he’ll hae a kiss ; ye may gie him ane, bit nae mae. I wis we had that merry night fan we’ll get leave to kiss ane anither, an’ naebody to see or hear. It was a pity we didna marry at Martinmas, we wad hae gotten the lang night to kiss ane anither. My dear love,

“There is but only ane, an’ ye are only she,
That lo’es but only he, and ye are only she,
Requite me with the same, and say but unto me,
I lo’e but only ane, an’ ye are only he.

“Send me an answer wi’ the bearer. Nae mair
frae yere sincere lover, WILLIAM LAWSON.”

MAY 2, 1783.

ANSWER.

“DEAR WILLIAM—I canna write, but I sent this
few lines wi’ a friend to let you ken that I am
deeply in love wi’ ye, an’ I shall na disappoint ye.
Yours is the first love letter that e’er I gat. Nae
mair from your dear and affectionate lover till
death. BESSY GIBB.”

Eight days after Willie sent another letter, and on getting a reply to it fixed the marriage day, and brought home his sweetheart with him two days before that fixed for the marriage. So they were cried three times upon Sunday, and married on Monday, ‘and naebody at the bedding but themselves’ that night. Neither was there a piper or fiddler at the marriage, but only three men to go in before the minister with the happy pair. “For,” said Willie, “we needna mak’ meat to a parcel o’ idle fouk, we dinna ken fat we may need yet; fools make feasts, and wise fouk eat them.” A coarse and uninteresting episode follows, and the narrative concludes with these two receipts :

"A RECEIPT FOR YOUNG MEN HOW TO WALE A
GOOD WIFE.

"If you want a good wife, never marry a thrifty wife's daughter ; for a thrifty wife works fair evening and morning, and keeps her daughter idle and clean, and lets her take her nap in the morning after the lave rises ; but you may go and marry a drunken lazy wife's daughter ; for her mither sits at the fire and bids her do everything, out and in."

"A RECEIPT FOR YOUNG WOMEN HOW TO WALE
A GOOD HUSBAND.

"All young women that want a good husband, never marry a drunkard, nor one that is a night-walker, for you will have little pleasure of them ; neither one who has got money left him by a friend, for he will spend it faster nor it was won ; but be sure to marry a thrifty lad, whether he have money or want money ; be sure that he has something in his breeches or else you will have little pleasure of him. And if you get a man that has money, be sure that his money be of his own purchase, he will know better how to guide it."

SIMPLE JOHN.

§ 4. (a). The Comical History of Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes, giving a particular account of his Courtship and Marriage to a scolding wife, which has been a mortifying misery to many a poor man." 12mo. n.d.

(b). "The Comical History of Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes, which happened all in twelve days after the unhappy day of his marriage, giving

a particular account of his marriage to a scolding wife, which has been a mortifying misery to many a poor man." Glasgow : 12mo. 1805 (pp. 24.)

(c). *The Miseries of Simple John and his Twelve Misfortunes*, which happened all in twelve days after the unhappy day of his marriage. Edinburgh : printed for the booksellers. 1821 (pp. 24.)

(d). *The Comical History of Poor, Simple, Innocent, Silly Sam.* (pp. 8; no cover; no date.)

The three first versions are almost identical, and the last is merely the introductory narrative without the 'misfortunes' that follow.

ARGUMENT.

Simple John was a widow's son, by trade a coarse weaver, in wits a fool; and before he was eighteen years old he was above six feet in height, having grown in such a hurry he had not stayed to take his judgment with him. His only sister had as little sense as himself, being 'married on Sleeky Willie, the wylie weaver;' his mother was a rattling rattle-scul'd wife, and they all lived in one house, and everybody held them as a family of fools. When twenty-one years of age, John determined to marry, and was advised by his mother to go to the black butcher on Ti'ot-side, who

had three daughters, Kate, Ann and Girzy, each with a hundred merks by way of tocher. Unfortunately, both Kate and Ann had had a misfortune, (*anglicé*, a child) and Girzy, the eldest, was hump-backed, high-breasted, baker-legged, short, wry-necked, thrawn-mouthed, goggle-eyed, a perfect female *Æsop*, as crooked in mind as body, a very lump of 'loun-like ill-nature row'd a' thegither, like a second edition o' crooked-backed King Richard, who was born with teeth to bite all about him, and yet the wight gaed mad to be married.'

Undeterred by this list of bad qualities, John, dressed in his 'Sunday brows' and a 'pair o' new pillonian breeks o' his mither's making,' proceeds to the butcher's, and before even sitting down, exclaims: "' Am wanting a wife, an' ye're a flesher, and has a gude sorting aside you, my mither says ye can sair me or ony body like me; what say ye till't, good man? I fain wa'd tak' a look o' some o' them gin ye like." The good wife, eager for business, invited him to 'come in by' and rest, and give her a

snuff. John sat down, and, on being asked his name, "Jock Sandyman," says he, "and they ca' me Simple John, the sack weaver. I hae nae tocher but my loom, a turn-wheel, a kettle, pat, a brass pan, twa pigs, four cogs, a candlestick, a good cock, a cat, and twa errocks, new begun to lay; and I maun hae a hag-wife, or my mither die; so what say ye till't, good man? Can ye buckle me or no?"

The three beauties having been placed before him, John discussed their qualities as they had been horses, and preferring morality to æsthetics, fixed on Girzy. So it was settled that he was to come back on Monday, when they should all have a chop-pin of ale, and roasted cheese, on the '*chance of the wedding.*' On parting, John wishing to kiss his betrothed through the window, one of the rejected damsels standing by in a dark corner, held out a skinned cow's head, which he kissed, exclaiming that her mouth was cold and had got a beard since he had seen it before.

The wedding over, a supper was provided in the shape of a large fat haggis, and

every one went to bed ; Sleeky Willie, among the rest, apparently all in the one room. Then followed a series of mishaps which will not bear repetition, and are borrowed mainly from Chaucer. On the morrow the young couple began housekeeping ; John binding himself to keep the house in meat, meal, fire, and water ; while Girzy was to cook the meat and provide the clothes, and the father-in-law was to pay the rent for three years. It was also stipulated that they should do without a servant as long as they did without children, and their first born was to be “ a John, after its ain daddy, and if a girl, Girzy, after its ain minny.”

MISFORTUNE I.

John being sent to the well with two pigs was surrounded by a number of children who shouted and clapped their hands, whereupon poor John thinking it fine sport, clapped the two pigs together so that they went to pieces.

MISFORTUNE II.

John on his way home from the market with a piece of flesh, seeing a poor colly

dog set upon by six or seven flesher tykes, set down the meat and seized the colly in order to rescue it. But the distracted colly, supposing him to be another foe, bit him severely, as did also the other dogs, while one of them ran off with his flesh. (Told also of Tom Tram.)

MISFORTUNE III.

John going to the well with a great stoup overbalanced himself and fell in, and the well being narrow, would have been drowned, if some people hearing the 'slunge' by chance, had not pulled him out.

MISFORTUNE IV.

Next day Girzy, not being able to trust John, went to the market herself, leaving him at home to keep the pot boiling. Poor John, having put on the new pot on a roaring hot fire, went out with his stoup for water, and having filled it, set it down and played with the boys at 'cat and dog' until the alarm was raised that Girzy was coming, whereupon the alarmed husband seizing the stoup, rushed into the house, and poured the water into the red-hot pot, which flew to pieces just as Girzy entered

the place. (Suggested by the 'Wife of Auchtermuchty.')

MISFORTUNE V.

John being sent to wash puddings in the stream and turn them on a spindle, having turned and washed them, laid them down behind him one by one, where a big dog stood and eat them up as fast as John set them down.

MISFORTUNE VI.

John being sent to fetch home a fat calf, received the money for it tied up in a napkin, and meeting a runaway horse on the bridge knocked it on the face with the napkin, which caused the latter to burst and sent the pence flying into the water.

MISFORTUNE VII.

John being sent to recover the money and seeing some ducks bobbing their heads below the water, thought they were gathering the lost pence, and killing one of them opened it but found no coins. Certain, however, that they had been searching for the money, he stripped off his clothes and went in a ducking, but got nothing, during

which time a ragman stole his clothes, so that poor John went home naked.

MISFORTUNE VIII.

John returning home with a pigful of buttermilk, saw two bulls fighting, and in the attempt to help the one, got knocked by the other, besides having his legs broken and the milk spilled.

MISFORTUNE IX.

A council of witty wives being held, decided that John was bewitched. So John went to the minister, and after charging him with being a warlock, and the cause of his misfortunes, demanded him to unmarry him and Girzy. The minister exhorted him to peace, adding that marriages were made in heaven. "In heaven!" exclaimed John, "ye're a baist liar, for I was married in ye'r ain kitchen, etc.," and with that out he went cursing like a madman and breaking the minister's windows with stones, for which he was put into the stocks for two hours, and was only released at last by his lump of corruption," who rubbed his legs,

drew his nose, got him out, and drove him home before her.

MISFORTUNE X.

John, getting no sleep by reason of his wife's tongue, rose through the night and sat down at his loom with the candle in his hand, and falling asleep, set the web, beddles, reels, and treadle cords in flames. It was only by the exertions of 'his old Viper,' who opportunely awaked, that the house was saved.

MISFORTUNE XI.

John being sent in search of the hen's nest in an old kiln, fell into the 'logie' through the breaking of the 'kill-ribs,' and creeped home all lame and bloody.

MISFORTUNE XII.

John being told that his mother was dead, expressed his belief that if she 'wad but look down through the lift, and see how he was guided, she wad send death for him, too.' By the intervention of the mother-in-law, however, peace was restored, and John got all his treadles, and worklooms, and possessions, (except his wife's tongue,

which was of wormwood, and the rest of her body of tempestuous sea water,) in working order.

Stories of *Simple Johns*, *Simple Tams*, and *Simple Simons*, were very popular in the seventeenth century. The above is an imitation of what was originally an English, not a Scotch chap-book, and entitled—

“Simple Simon’s Misfortunes, or His Wife Margery’s Outrageous Cruelty. 12mo. London: Printed and sold by Mary D., at the Horse-shoe, in Giltspur street.” (No date.)

There is also a Newcastle edition, dated about 1760. The following are the heads of the various chapters and stories, and indicate how close is the resemblance between the two books.

CHAPTER I.

1. An account of Simon’s wedding, and how his wife Margery scolded him for putting on his roast-meat clothes the very next morning after he was married. 2. How she dragged him up the chimney in a basket a smook-drying, wherein they used to dry bacon, which made him look like a red herring. 3. How Simon lost a sack of corn as he was going to the mill to have it ground. 4. How Simon went to market with a basket of eggs, but broke them by

the way ; also how he was put into the stocks. 5. How Simon's wife cudgelled him for not bringing home money for his eggs. 6. How Simon lost his wife's pail, and burnt the bottom of her kettle. 7. How Simon's wife sent him to buy two pounds of soap, but going over a bridge he let his money fall into the river ; also how a rag-man ran away with his cloath.

The "Misfortunes of Simple John" has been attributed to Dougal Graham, but the internal evidence of the work alone is sufficient to disprove this theory. All that Graham wrote was the introduction, which was and still is printed in a separate form under the title of "Silly Tam."

THE HAVEREL WIVES.

§ 5 (1) *The History of the Haverel Wives; or, The Folly of Witless Women Displayed.* Written by Humphrey Clinker, the Clashing Wives' Clerk. Being a comical conference between Maggy and Janet, His Two Old Aunties. n.d. 8 pp.

(2) *An Oration on the Virtues of the Old Women, and the pride of the Young, with a direction for young men what sort of women to take, and for women what sort of men to marry.* 12mo. Glasgow, 1783.

These two tracts were often published together, sometimes under the title of

“Grannie M’Nab’s Lectures to the Society of Clashing Wives, Glasgow.” As they are now extremely rare, and are less grossly indecent than other chap-books of the same kind, they are given almost entire. Portions, it will be observed, are to be found in other works, as for instance, much of the advice to persons about to marry, which is identical with certain passages in the “Art of Courtship.” The edition quoted from is entitled as follows :

The History of the Haverel Wives ; or, The Folly of Witless Women Displayed. Written by Humphrey Clinker, the Clashing Wives’ Clerk. Being a comical conference between Maggy and Janet, His Two Old Aunts. With Janet’s advice to Maggy, concerning marriage, with the manner in which she courted her husband, which began by taking him by the twa lugs and kissing him. To which is added, An Oration on the Virtues of the Old Women and the Pride of the Young. Dictated by Janet Clinker, and written by Humphrey Clinker, the Clashing Wives’ Clerk. Stirling : printed by William Macnie, and sold wholesale and retail.

It is a certain old saying, That where women are conven’d in crowds, there can be but little silence ; and some have acknowledged that it was a great bondage for them to hold their peace in the church ;

and where there is much talk by ignorant speakers, it is diverting for persons of understanding to hear them. Therefore, we have furnished the public with a small collection of old wives' noted sayings and wonders, which they relate happened in their own time, also what has been told them by their forefathers.

"Two old wives, Maggy and Janet, at their rocks, began their cracks as follows :

Janet.—A dear, Maggy, how auld will ye be now? O it's lang since I kend ye.

Maggy.—Indeed, Janet, that's what naeboddy kens ; for my father and mother had sae mony o' us, they ne'er counted how auld ane o' us was, they minded ay wha o' us was born first ; and wha was neist ane anither, and that was a' that e'er we sought to ken about it ; but I ha'e mind o' the mirk Munanday.

Janet.—Hout tout, woman, the mirk Munanday, I mind since there was na Munandays at a', and Sabbath days was nae come in fashion ; there was a day they ca'd Sunday, came ance i' the ouk for it ; we ken'd ay when it came, for my father cow'd ay his beard when the bell rang, and then everybody ran to the kirk that had onything to do, gin it were to buy saut or shune, for the chapman chiels set up a' their creims, at the kirk door, and the lasses wad a gotten keeking glasses, red snoods, needles, prins, elshinirons, gimblets, brown bread, and black saep, forby sweetie wives' things, and rattles for restless little anes ; the men wad a bought pints o' ale and gotten a whang o' gnde cheese to chew i' the time o' drinking o't. Ay, ay, there was braw

markets on Sunday i' the time o' paepery, we had nae ministers then but priests, mess Johns, black friars and white friars, monks, abbots and bishops, they had nae wives, yet the best o' them wad a spoken bawdy language and kissed the lasses; fickle, sykin bodies they were, unco ill to please; they wad baith curs'd folk and bless'd them just as we paid them; adeed, they were unco greedy o' the penny, and prayed ay to the dead folk and gar'd the living pay them for't; and tho' they had played the loon wi' a puir hizzy, she durst na speak out for her very life, for they could gi'e ony o'er to the de'il when they liket. They did na gar folk learn to read, and pray, like our new ministers, but thump on your breast, strake your fingers o'er aboon your nose, tell your beeds, and rin bare-fit amang the hard stanes and cauld snaw.

* * * * *

Maggy asked if they were not holy men, to which Janet gave a decided negative, saying that 'a great sort o' them ca'd cardinals' claimed the same privilege of a newly married bride as did the old Highland lairds. Maggy disgusted, wondered that 'the gentle fouk and lairds let them do the like o' that?'

Jan.—A dear, woman! the gentle folks and the lairds kept ay in wi' them, for they said they had command o' the de'il and the dead folk, and the

gentles durt na cast out wi' them, for they got a' their sins pardoned for the less siller.

Mag.—"A dear woman that was unco like, the de'il wad get nae body then but the poor fouk, and them that had nae siller."

Jan.—"A well a wat that was true, for an they paid the priest well, the de'il durst na middle wi' them."

Mag.—A wow woman! What's come o' them a' now? I'm sure the like o' thae fouks that had sae meikle power needed neither die nor yet be sick; they wad live a' their days.

Jan.—A wat well did they, for the maist o' them is dead and rotten, and the rest o' them gade awa' to Italy, where the auld Pope their father, the de'il, the witches, brownies and fairies dwal; and then we gat anither sort o' gospel fouks they ca'd cuirits, a fine sort o' dainty honest bodies they war, but gayan' greedy; they coud na like sculdudery wark, but said na meikle against it, for a hantle bits o' callans wad a gotten twa or three bastards before they wad a gotten breeks; they bid to ha'e tithes o' everything that grew, mony time my father wisht they wad take tithes o' his hemp to, if it were to hang themsels. They were ay warst whare a poor man or wife died, though they left weans fatherless and mitherless; adeed they wad a sent their bellman, and wi' his lang prelatie fingers he wad harlt the upper pair o' blankets aff a' the poor things' bed, for some rent that they gard fouks pay for dying, a sae did they een, and yet they keep it a hantle o' braw haly days, and days o' meikle meat, Fastern's-een and Yule days, when we got our

weims fu' o' fat brose, and suppit Yule sowns, till our sarks had been like to rive; and after that, eaten toasted cheese and white puddings well spiced. O' braw times for the guts! Well I wat onybody might live then that had onything to live on.

Mag.—"But dear Janet ye're bra' an lang o' the memory, do ye mind o' the waefu' blast, when the foul thief was raging in the air, and the de'il dang down a' the kail yard dykes, cutted the corn stacks, tirl'd the houses, and blew giddy Willy's wig in the wall, they said it was some young minister it had rais'd the de'il, and for want o' a cock, a cat, or some unkirsen'd creature to gi'e him, they could na get him laid again, and he brake the bridle, slipped his head, and ran awa' frae them."

Jan.—"A deed woman I heard tell o' that, and how woud Willie M'Neel meet him on the steps in the mids o' the water, and shot him o'er, and thought to drown him, but he gade down the water like a meikle branded bill roaring, a' burning fire; but I hae mind the first time it the de'il came to this kintrey was on a Sunday, I was a wi' bit gaun lassie, my father and a' the men fouk was at the kirk, the ware twa o' them, a hummel'd ane an a horn'd ane, a goodman de'il, and a goodwife de'il, as we took them to be, we ran a' into the house, and my mither barr'd the door, and hunted the dogs out at the byre hole, thinking the de'il wad rin frae the dogs, but na, na, they got up on their tae end like twa auld men, they were a' rugh lang hair like a pyet horse, wi' lang beards aneath their

chin, and the meikle horn'd de'il box'd the dogs in at the hole again, we ran a' ben the house and grat, but our Jock wha was a little gabby gaun laddock, cry'd ay, mither, mither, what is the de'il seeking here, he'll be wanting to take a' the auld wives and cats to mak' witches o' them; I true when my grandmither heard that, she gat up and ran ben to the spence and crap in the bear-meal barrel to hide herself frae the de'il, and curr'd there till the kirk skil'd, a deed she was sae fear'd, she made her burn in the barrel; and what was't true ye after a', but a tupe and ewe of the highland gaits, it the laird had gotten to gie the lady milk, but mony a day we leugh at the twa de'ls."

Mag.—But dear woman, what an a body is the de'il it ev'ry body is sae fear'd for him, it's na him they ca' Auld Nick, what fore do they ca' him Auld Nick?"

Jan.—A deed woman I dinna ken what like o' body he is, but they say he's a' black, and they ca' him Auld Nick, because he's aulder nor Adam, and Adam was the first man in the warld, and they say the de'il will never die, nor yet be sick, nor yet tak sair een."

Mag.—A wow Janet, but ye're a witty creature; but can ye tell me what way the Blackamoors is made? some fouk says they're a' dipped in cat's blood and burnt wi' bear-strae, but I'm thinking the litster douks them in amang the brose that they lit the black claith wi', and then sells them to the lairds and gentle fouks to flay their bairns wi', or

dis the gentle fouks eat them when they're dead, think ye?"

Jan.—"Hout, awa, daft creature! the Blackamoor is fouk just like oursel', only they hae black skins on them. Did ye never see black sheep and white sheep, black horse and white horse? Ye think they're a' de'ils because the de'il's black; I thought mysel' lang syne they were made for the penny, and sell'd the dearer o' the black skin."

Mag.—"But Janet did ye e'er see the de'il? I wad fain ken what like he is; some says he's like a bill, a bear, or an auld beggar man."

Jan.—"Indeed, I never saw sae muckle as the de'il a' my days, but I've heard the ministers flyting and misca'ing him, and whan they said a' they could say o' him, they ca'd him an ill spirit, and a great liar, mony ane has war names than a' that yet."

Mag.—"But do you think there is ony de'ils but ane? everybody is speaking and crying on him, an' he couldna answer them a'."

Jan.—"A deed, they say there's black anes and white anes o' them, humel anes and horned anes, the very witches is ha'f de'ils whan they're living and hale anes when they're dead; the brownies is ha'f dogs, ha'f de'ils, a' rough but the mouth, seeks nae claise, ae man's meat 'ill sare them and they'll do ten men's wark in ae night; forby hobgoblins, fairies and elfs, that shoots fouks' beasts to death, and no a hole to be seen in the skin o' them. Heardna ye tell o' the twa Highland wives? how the tayne cry'd, 'Ochon, Shenet, my cow's shot!' 'Houp, houp,' quo' she, 'an' wha shot her?' 'A,

deed, it was the de'il.' 'Och, hoch, och, hoch, Shenet, we'll a' be kill'd whan the de'il has gotten a gun.' "

Mag.—"A sweet, be wi' us woman ! it's an unco' thing they dinna a' flee on the minister and worry him, whan he flytes and misca's them sae, do you think they hear him?"

Jan.—"A, doubtless, they baith hear and see too, they're neither blind nor bleer-eyed, but ay whan ye speak o' them, name the day, cry its Wansday thro' a' the warld and there's nae fear o' you."

Mag.—"What do you think o' our minister ; is he a gude man, think ye?"

Jan.—"Indeed, I think he's a gay gabby body, but he has twa fauts, and his wife has three ; he's unco' greedy o' siller, an he's ay preaching down pride and up charity, an yet he's that fu' o' pride himsel', that he has gotten a glass winnock on ilka side o' his nose, and his een is as clear as twa clocks to luk to ; he has twa giglet gilly gawkies o' dochters, wha come to the kirk wi' their coble-tehow mutches frizzled up as braid's their hips, an' clear things like stars about their necks, and at ilka lug, a wallop in white thing hinging like a snotter at a bubly wean's nose, syne about their necks a bit thin claith like a mouse-web, and their twa bits o' paps playing ay nidity nod, shining thro' like twa yearning bags ; shame fa' them and their fligmageries baith, for I get nae gude o' the preaching looking at them ; and syne a' the dirty shairney-hought hizzies i' the parish maun ha'e the like or lang gae ; but an' I ware to preach, sic

pride sudna ha'e baith peace and prosperity in my parish. I wad point my finger at them in the kirk, and name them baith name and sirname, and say, 'There sits shairney Meg o' the mill, stumpy May o' the Moss; sniveling Kate, wi' her hodle mak'-easter coat; they come into the kirk, bobbing their hint-quarters like water-wag-tails, shaking their heads like a hunder pund horse, smacking their lips and handing their mouth like May-paddocks; and what shall I compare them to? painted Jezebels; the whore of Babylon, or Rachel, the harlot; wi' a' their gaudy, decoying colours, high taps, and spread glittering tails, when they come sailing into the house o' prayer, as it were a house o' dancing and deboshery. Gae, ye painted peese-wips, to fairs or waddins, and there display your proud banners o' pride, which you are puffed up with: it is the very spirit of the devil, and unbecoming o' the house o' prayer; but if the gilly gawkies shou'd come into the kirk wi' their heels up and their heads down, our Mess John is like ane o' the dogs o' Egypt, he wou'dna move his tongue, and I believe he darna, for Clippock, his wife, whase element is to banter a' the poor folk frae her door; none can stand her but the tinkler-wives, and she's ay whinging about charity, but it's to hersel'; she wadna pity the crible on the blind's back, but bids gae hame to their ain parish, filthy beggar dirt; she casts a' her cauld parrich and kail to the cocks and hens; kicks the poor colly dogs out at the door; ca's them filthy, useless brutes, because they canna lay eggs like hen's eggs; she's ay flyting on the servant lassies, hungers

her servant lad, eats cocks and hens hersel', and gars the poor minister eat saut herring."

Mag.—"A weel, I wat then I wish he minna turn a drucken body, for herrin' maks fouk dry. But weel I wat, Janet, ye ha'e teld their fauts on baith sides, and I ha'e ae great faut to our minister yet, an tho' I were dead and rotten the night afore the morn, I'll neither forgie him nor yet forget him for what he said o' me, that I sude be ta'en and douket for offrin to marry again, or ony woman at my age. An old man, said he, ought to marry some kindly body, to keep him clean in his auld age; but an auld woman, said he, that can wash a dud sark to themsels, needs nae men. And now, Janet, I'm no to ca' very auld; altho' I be stricken in years, I dinna ken my ain age, being kirsened i' the time o' Papery; but I ha'e the penny, tho' bare o' flesh and blude, and ha'e four guid teeth afore, and weel willing gumes i' the backside. I canna gang very far without a staff, an yet I wad as fain be married as whan I was fifteen year auld. O woman! but a man i' the bed be an usefu' body; they ha'e a sweet breath an' a natural heat to keep a body warm; but an our minister war an auld wife, he wad ken what the want o' a bit man is as weel as me. And a' this began about Wanton Wat, the town taylor, wha promised to tak me agen sic a time, or tell me what for; mony a pickle weel butter'd kail-bleds I gied him, held out frae my ain weim and stapit in a his, he said he wad do as meikle to me agen, but he has nae don't fa'se loon carle it he was, cheated me out o' sax pund and twa sarks, and then gart me mak' a fool o' mysel',

Whan the laird's douket was bigget, and made a' white to gar the dows come, he said, an my window war as white they wad come to me tae, and I, like a poor fool, took a bason fu' o' gude bear meal, and made it into drammock, and whiten'd a' my window with it, but the never a dow came near hand me the mair o't, but a' the town dogs came licking and picking at it night and day; I was plagued wi' them, till a gude shoor came and washt it awa' agen, and the laird and every ane came to look and laugh at it.

JANET'S ADVICE TO MAGGY, CONCERNING MARRIAGE.

While these two old Haverels were thus discoursing together at their rocks, amongst other things, Maggy told Janet that altho' she was now above a hundred years of age, she had a great desire for a husband, but that she would be obliged to use some methods and enticements to make the young men fall in love wi' her. Upon which, Janet gave her the following witty advice.

“Indeed, Maggy, an ye be a mind to marry, ye maun snod yoursel' better up, cast awa your staff, singe your whiskers wi' a candle or firstick, stand straight up like a rash, kekle and look canty-like whan carles is gawn by, tak' a mouthfu' o good meat, and a drap dram i' the mornin' will keep the dirt aff your face, and raise the red in your cheek, ye see the hens turns ay red lugget or they begin to lay. A body that wants a bit man, maun use mony a shift for ane, I ken how I did mysel', whan

I was fourteen lang year a widow, an thought ne'er to gotten ane, I fied our John when he was a saft silly docus callan to ca' the pleugh, and keepit him three years till he turn'd a wally wincer, and fain wad I had him, but he wadna speak o't to me, but ae day we ware in the house our lone, an I ties a gude hard stane knot on the strings o' my toy beneath my chin, and fykes wit a-wee, then says, 'O Johnny, my man, look an ye can louse this knot wi' your teeth,' he lays a band on every shoulder and louses the knot, and I grips him by the twa lugs, and gies him a kiss, and says, 'Poor man, Johnny, thou has a sweet breath, thou needna want a bit kiss o' me whan thou likes lad, I true that culli'd him hither ay the mair; ha, ha, thou has nae art woman.

Enters Humphray Clinker, hearing a' that past, persuades his aunt Maggy, that no man would marry such as her, for she looked like a picture of death riding upon hunger's back, a rickle of banes row'd up in a rungly skin, had wasted her body with water lythocks into a scrufe of skin and bane, for want of teeth to chow bread for the nourishment of her body, and that he was com'd on purpose to write her testament or latter-will, that it was a lightness in her brain before death; therefore she ought to go to bed and die directly, which she accordingly did by taking thought of what was said unto her; the priest being sent for, came and discoursed with her, but still she keeping her purse in her hand, which he observing, desired she would give it to her friends or she died, to which she made answer, by her sooth that she wad not, for she wad

tak it wi' her, she had heard every body say, they were the better o' the penny wi' them gang whare they like, and so died, supposed to be a hundred and six years old.

AN ORATION ON THE VIRTUES OF THE
OLD WOMEN, AND THE PRIDE
OF THE YOUNG.

The madness of this unmuzzled age has driven me to mountains of thoughts, and a continual meditation ; it is enough to make an auld wife rin red-wood, and drive a body beyond the halter's end of ill-nature, to see what I see, and hear what I hear : therefore the hinges of my anger are broke, and the bands of my good and mild nature are burst in two, the door of civility is laid quite open, plain speech and mild admonition is of none effect ; nothing must be used now but thunder-bolts of reproach tartly trimm'd up in a tantalizing style, roughly redd up and manufactured thro' an auld Matron's mouth, who is indeed but frail in the teeth, but will squeeze surprisingly with her auld gums until her very chaft-blades crack in the crushing of your vice.

I shall branch out my discourse into four heads.

First, What I have seen, and been witness to.

Secondly, What I now see, and am witness to.

Thirdly, What I have heard, does hear, and cannot help ; I mean the difference between the old women and the young.

Fourthly, Conclude with an advice to young men and young women, how to avoid the buying of

Janet Juniper's stinking butter,* which will have a rotten rift on their stomach as long as they live.

First, The first thing then, I see and observe is, that a wheen daft giddy-headed, cock-nosed, juniper-nebbed mothers, bring up a wheen sky-racket dancing daughters, a' bred up to be ladies, without so much as the breadth of their lufe of land, it's an admiration to me, whare the lairds are a' to come frae that's to be coupled to them ; work, na, na, my bairn maunna work, she's to be a lady, they ca' her Miss ; I maun hae her lugs bor'd, says auld Mumps the mither ; thus the poor pet is brought up like a mitherless lamb, or a parrot in a cage ; they learn naething but prick and sew, and fling their feet when the fiddle plays, so they become a parcel of yellow-faced female taylors, unequal matches for countrymen, Flanders-babbies, brought up in a box, and must be carried in a basket ? knows nothing but pinching poverty, hunger and pride ; can neither milk kye, muck a byre, card, spin, nor yet keep a cow from a corn-rigg ; the most of such are as blind penny-worths, as buying pigs in pocks, and ought only to be matched with Tacket-makers, Tree-trimmers, and Male-taylors, that they may be male and female, agreeable in trade, since their piper-fac'd fingers are not for heard labour ; yet they might also pass on a pinch for a black Sutor's wife, for the stitching of white seams round the mouth of a lady's shoe ;

* A nick-name to the wife's daughter that no man will marry because stuff'd full of laziness, self-conceit and stinking pride ; or if she be married she'll be like stinking butter on his stomach while she lives.

or, with Barbers or Bakers they might be buckled, because of their muslin-mouth and pinch-beck speeches, when barm is scant, they can blow up their bread with fair wind, and when the razor is rough, can trim their chafts with a fair tale, oil their peruke with their white lips, and powder the beau's pow with a French-puff; they are all versed in all the science of flattery, musical tunes, horn-pipes, and country dances, though perfect in none but the reel of Gammon.

Yet these are they, the fickle farmer fixes his fancy upon; a bundle of clouts, a skeleton of bones, Maggy and the Mutch, like twa fir-sticks and a pickle tow, neither for his plate nor his plough; very improper plenishing, neither for her profit nor her pleasure, to plout her hands through Hawkey's caff-cog, is a hateful hardship for Mammy's pet, and will hack a' her hands. All this I have seen and heard, and been witness to; but my pen being a goose-quill, cannot expose their names nor place of abode, but warns the workingman out of the way.

Secondly, I see another sort, who can work, and maun wark till they be married, and become mistresses themselves; but as the young man receives them, the thrift leaves them; before that, they wrought as for a wager, they span as for a premium, busked as for a brag, scour'd their din skins as a wauker does worsted blankets, kept as mim in the mouth as a minister's wife, comely as Diana, chaste as Susanna, yet the whole of their toil is the trimming of their rigging, though their hulls be everlastingly in a leaking condition; their back and

their bellies are box'd about with the fins of a big fish, six petticoats, a gown and apron, besides a side sark down to the ancle-bane ; ah ! what monstrous rags are here, what a cloth is consumed for a covering to one pair of buttocks ! I leave it to the judgment of any ten taylors in town, if thirty pair of men's breeches may not be cut, from a little above the casing of Bessy's bum, and this makes her a motherly woman, as stately a fabric as ever strade to market or mill.

But when she's married, she turns a madam, her mistress did not work much, and why should she ? Her mother tell'd ay she wad be a lady, but cou'd never show where her lands lay ; but when money is all spent, credit broken, and conduct out of keeping, a wheen babling bubly bairns, crying piece minny, parich minny, the witless wanton waster is at her wit's end. Work now or want, and do not say that the world has war'd you : but lofty Noddle, your giddy-headed mother has led you astray, by learning you to be a lady, before you was fit to be a servant lass, by teaching you laziness instead of hard labor, by giving you such a high conceit of yourself, that no body thinks any thing of you now, and you may judge yourself to be one of those, that wise people call Littleworth ; but after all, my dear dirty face, when you begin the world again, be perfectly rich before you be gentle, work hard for what you gain, and you'll ken better how to guide it, for pride is an unperfect fortune, and a ludicrous life will not last long.

Another sort I see, who has got more silver than sense, more gold than good nature, more muslins

and means than good manners ; though a sack can hold their siller, six houses and a half cannot contain their ambitious desires. Fortunatus's wonderful purse would fail in fetching in the fourth part of their worldly wants, and their children imitate their mother's chattering like hungry cranes, crying still, I want, I want, ever craving, willfully wasting, till all be brought to a doleful dish of desolation, and with cleanness of teeth, a full breast, an empty belly, big pockets without pence, pinching penury, perfect poverty, drouth, hunger, want of money, and friends both, old age, dim eyes, feeble joints, without shoes or clothes, the real fruits of a bad marriage, which brings thoughtless Fops to both faith and repentance in one day.

Thirdly, Another thing I see, hear, and cannot help, is the breeding of bairns, and bringing them up like bull-stirks, they gie them walth o' meat, but nae manners ; but when I was a bairn, if I didna bend to obedience, I ken mysel' what I gat, which learned me what to gie mine again ; if they had tell'd me tuts or prote-no, I laid them o'er my knee, and a-com'd crack for crack o'er their hurdies, like a knock bleaching a harn web, till the red wats stood on their hips, this brought obedience into my house, and banish'd dods and ill-nature out at the door ; I dang the deil out o' them, and dabbed them like a wet dish clout till they did my bidding. But now the bairns are brought up to spit fire in their mither's face, and cast dirt at their auld daddies. How can they be good who never saw a sample of it ? or reverence old age, who practiced no precepts in their youth ? How can they

love their parents who gave them black poison instead of good principles? Who shewed them no good, nor taught them no duties? No marvel such children despise old age, and reverence their parents as an old horse does his father.

Fourthly, The last prevailing evil which I see, all men may hear, but none strive to help, the banishment of that noble holy day, called the Sabbath, which has been blasted by a whirlwind from the south; I am yet alive, who saw this hurricane coming thro' the walled city near Solway in the South; it being on a Sunday, and a beautiful sunshine day amongst some foul weeks in harvest weather, which caused the Lord Mayor of that place work hard, and put in the whole fields of wheat harvest, and the priests of that church commended him therefore. Because the season was backward, why should not man be disobedient! And this infection is come here also, sure the loss of this Sabbath day will be counted a black Saturday to some; when I walk in the fields, I know it not but by the stopping of the plough, when in the city, only by the closeness of a few shop-doors and the sound of the bells; degenerate ideas of religion indeed! when the high praise is sounded only by bell metal; a *sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal*. It is not come to pass, the taverns roar like Ætna's mouth; children follow their gaming, and old sinners their strolling about, nothing stopt but coal carts and common carriers, the Sabbath lasts no longer than the sermon, and the sermon is measured by a little sand in a glass; many, too many frequent the church, seemingly only to show

their antic dress, with heads of a monstrous form, more surprising than those described by Aristotle, as for length exceeding that of an asses head, ears and all ; and ah ! How humbling would it be, to see their heads struck into such a hideous form, etc.

They disdain now to ride on pads as of old, or to be hobbled on a horse's hurdies, but must be hurled behind the tail, safely seated in a leathern conveniency, and there they fly swiftly as in the chariot of Aminadab.

They will not speak the mother language of their native country, but must have southern oaths, refined like raw sugar thro' the mills of cursing, finely polished, and fairly struck in the profane mint of London, into a perfect form of flunkey language ; even the very wild Arabs from the mountain-tops, who have not yet got English to profane his Maker's name, will cry, *Cot, cot* ; hateful it is to hear them swear, who cannot speak. O ! strange alteration since the days of old ! the downfall of Popery, and the Prelates' decay, when reformation was alive, and religion in taste and fashion ; the people during the Sabbath, were all packed up in closets, and their children kept within doors, when every city appeared like a sanctuary, nothing to be heard in the streets, but the sound of prayer on the right hand, and the melodious sound of psalms on the left.

Now is the days of counting, scribing, riding of horses, and the sound of the post-horn come ; surely there will be trade now ; and none will miss prosperity when every day is fair ; I add no more

on this head, but every one claim a right to his own set time, etc.

Another grievance of the female offenders I cannot omit, which attacks men's fancy, and is the cause of his fall; I mean Flighters who has gotten a little of the means of Mammon, more silver than sense, more gold than good nature, haughtiness for humility, value themselves as a treasure incomprehensible, their heads and hearts of Ophir-gold, their hips of silver, and their whole body as set about with precious stones, great and many are the congresses of their courtship, and the solemnizing of their marriage is like the conclusion of a peace after a bloody and tedious war.

And what is she after all! yea, her poor penny will never be exhausted, it must be laid out in lunacy and laziness, she must have fine teas and the tuther thing. When pregnancy and the speuing of porich approaches, then she prophecies of her death; as she hatches life, she embraces laziness; then O the bed, the bed, nothing like the bed for a bad wife, her body becomes as par-boil'd, being so bed-ridden. * * * * Yet such lazy wives live long, and their children soon die; their far fetched feigned sickness soon renders the husband to the substance of one sixpence, he becomes poor and hen-peck't under such petticoat government.

But when I Janet was a Janet, and had the judgment of my own house, my husband was thrice happy, I never held him down, he was above me day and night, I sat late and raise early, kept a fu' house and rough back, when summer came we minded winter's cauld, we had peace ay at porrich

time, and harmony through the day ; we supp'd our sowens at supper-time with a seasonable heat, and went to bed good bairns, kend naething but stark love and kindness, we wrought for riches, and our ages and earthly stores increased alike, we hated pride and loved peace ; he died with a good name ; I let you ken I live, but not as many do, not so lordly of my brain as some are of their belly ! and was not my life strange by that now practised ? Come help yourselves you hillokats livers and avoid it.

Now after a', if a poor man want a perfect wife, let him wale a weel blooded hissie, wi' braid shouders an thick about the haunches, that has been lang servant in ae house, tho' twice or thrice awa' and ay fied back, that's weel liked by the bairns and the bairn's mither, that's naeway cankard to the cats, nor kicks the colley-dogs amang her feet, that wad let a' brute beasts live, but rats, mice, lice, flaes, neets and bugs, that bites the wee bairns in their cradles, that carefully comb the young things' heads, washes their faces and claps their cheeks, wipes the snotter frae their nose as they were a' her ain, that's the lass that will mak' a good wife ; for them that dauts the young bairns, will ay be kind to auld fouk an they had them.

And ony hale-hearted halsome hissie, that wants to halter a good husband, never tak a widow's ae son, for a' the wifely gates in the world will be in him, for want of a father to teach him manly actions ; neither tak a sour looking sumf wi' a muckle mouth, and a wide guts who will eat like a horse and soss like a sow, suffer none to sup but himsel,

eat your meat and the bairns' baith ; when hungry angry, when fu' full of pride, ten sacks will not haud his sauce, tho' a pea-shap wad haud his siller. But go, tak your chance, and if cheated, channer not on me, for fashionable fouk flee to fashionable things, for lust is brutish blind, and fond love as blear-ey'd. I add no more, says Janet ; so be it, said Humphray the Clerk.

§ 6. To these might be added certain others, notably the humorous verses entitled "Watty and Meg," which has an enormous circulation in Sutland at the present day. But besides being modern, it is too well known to require more than a reference. While on the subject of poetical chap-books, mention should also be made of "The Comical Story of Thrummy Cap and the Ghaist," a well told but stupid narrative in broad Scotch, showing how Thrummy was instrumental in laying a certain ghost, and restoring to the laird his long lost title-needs ; and of the "Comical Tale of Margaret and the Minister," relating how Margaret, being invited to dine with the minister, pinned the table cover, instead of a napkin, to her breast, and having swallowed some mustard by mistake, rushed

from the room, dragging the cloth and the dishes with her. In the same company falls to be mentioned, the coarse but vigorous and well-sustained lamentation of the unfortunate schoolmaster, who was deposed for being a father when he should not have been one, "*The Dominie Deposed, with a Sequel, by William Forbes, A. M., late schoolmaster at Petercoulter.*" Also, Ramsay's "*The Monk and the Miller's Wife,*" and the "*Magic Pill; or Davie and Bess.*" Less common than any of these, and infinitely less meritorious, are other two, with a brief specification of which we shall bring this chapter to a close.

A DIVERTING COURTSHIP.

An account of a diverting courtship, that lately happened in this neighbourhood, between a woman of four-score, and a youth of eighteen, whom she married. Likewise, an account of the great and most wonderful concessions this fond old woman made, during the courtship, in order to secure the young man for a husband.

1. She solemnly promised, under the penalty of keeping separate beds, which would break her heart, to be blind to all his faults—never to scold

or be jealous, even if she should catch him toying with a young lass.

2. To support and cherish him, suppose he got sick or lazy; and to be ready, at all times, to light and help him home from the ale-house, drunk or sober.

3. That, even if he should get a child or two by the bye, she would nourish and cherish them as if they were her own.

But, sorrowful to relate, poor granny could not keep her word; for, the third week after marriage she detected him kissing yellow Meg in her own bed-chamber, broke his head with the tatoe beetle, and scolded most furiously—on which he ran off with Meg to Edinburgh, after robbing the old wife of seventy pounds sterling. (8 pp., n.d.)

So runs the title of this pompous and common-place performance, in the shape of a dialogue between an old woman, and a youth of eighteen, the plot, and indeed the best, of which is contained in the title, which is all we care to quote.

THE PLEASURES OF MATRIMONY.

The Pleasures of Matrimony, interwoven with sundry *comical and delightful stories*, with the charming delights and ravishing sweets of Wooing and Wedlock, in all its diverting enjoyments. By Author Reid, Glasgow. Glasgow: Printed for booksellers.

This is a coarse and worthless performance, pretending to describe middle class life, and written not in Scotch but in stilted English. The only points of any interest in it are the descriptions of the visit of the young lady's maid to the conjuror to find out if a certain gallant is in love with her mistress; the visit of the gallant on a similar errand; the sack of posset which it was usual for the bride and bridegroom to drink before retiring for the first night; the locking of their chamber-door by the bride's mother; and the confirmation of a circumstance to which constant reference has been already made, viz: that the bridegroom invariably went to bed drunk.

The "Pleasures of Matrimony" is followed by a pendant in the shape of a short dissertation of four pages, entitled "The Bachelor's Miseries, Exemplified in the History of Mess John Magopico," which is merely a commonplace description of many of the inconveniences and troubles which fall to the lot of unmarried clergymen. Incidentally there is a curious reference to chap-books which may be worth repeating.

“He was a good lad, and would lay out a little money in purchasing pious books from travelling chapmen. None of your profane Jack the Giant Killer, Lovers’ Garlands, or Wise Men o’ Gotham; but, Experiences of Lizzie Wast, a Clat of Cauld Parritch, Neden’s Prophecies, Satan’s Invisible World, and a Louping-on Stane for [heavy-backed] Believers.”

Mr. Halliwell gives the titles of three kindred works, the first of which is, probably, identical with Reid’s version.

“The Pleasures of Matrimony, *interwoven with sundry comical and delightful stories, with the charming delights and ravishing sweets of wooing and wedlock in all its diverting enjoyments.* 12mo. London, n.d.”

“The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony, *with an edition of three comforts more.* 12mo. London, 1760.”

This is a part translation of the *Quinze Joyes de Mariage*, and was reprinted from an earlier edition.

“The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony, *or a looking-glass for all those who have entered on that holy and comfortable state, wherein are summed up all those blessings that attend a married life.* sm. 8vo. London, 1806.”



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The publication before us will place his name in the illustrious list of the conservators of the memoirs of olden times as handed down to us in the folk lore of Scotland. A new lode has here been hit upon ; a mine has been opened up rich with all the unguessed treasures of an unwrought seam, and well is the ore worthy of the zeal of the digger. Let him keep to his work, for which he has shown pith and fitness, and persevere in opening up the hidden strata of our early popular literature, whose characteristics he has so happily disclosed.—GREENOCK ADVERTISER.

This is a truly wonderful book, and it has a special claim on Scottish readers. The whole is divided into some sixty sections, of which a fair instalment is before us. A great deal of what we read is excellent as the best of Dean Ramsay's famous collection of anecdote and history. Like Dean Ramsay's work, it is reduced to order and system, and we have the feeling present to our minds of having a chronological review of a highly interesting subject, which, to a large extent, is new to us, or was previously but a matter of indistinct hearsay and no more. The mind is ever kept on the stretch for fresh discovery, for the reader feels as if he had stumbled upon a precious deposit which every fresh effort unearthed more clearly and showed to better advantage.—GREENOCK TELEGRAPH.

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As a study in literature the work is both solid and entertaining.—THE AGE (PHILADELPHIA.)

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